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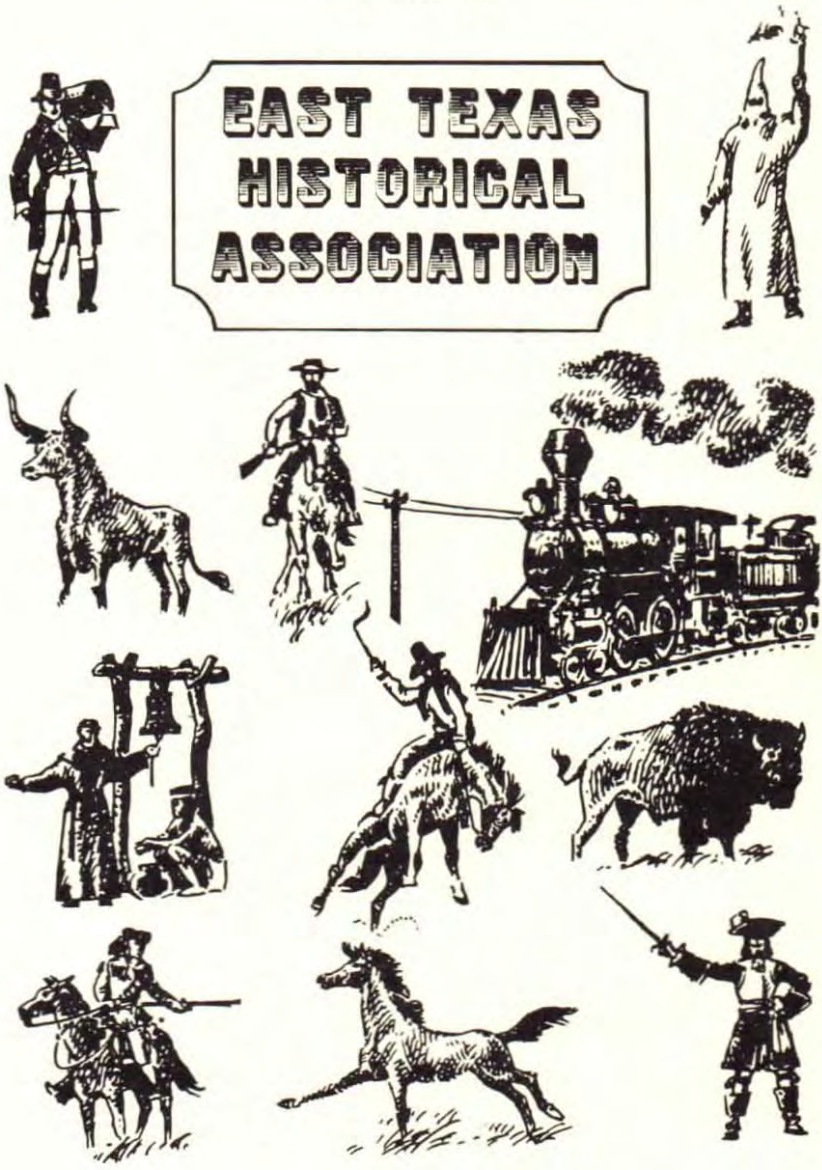

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THE QUEEN'S LADY IN TEXAS

EDITED BY
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When the Honorable Amelia Matilda Murray, maid of honor to Queen Victoria, arrived in New Orleans in 1855 on a grand tour of the United States, Canada, and Cuba, she determined to pay a visit to Texas. "You will think me adventurous to undertake this," she wrote friends in England, "but these new countries are so interesting to a person fond of Natural History and fine scenery, that one makes up one's mind to undergo some inconvenience and difficulty."[1]

With that the sixty-year-old Miss Murray boarded the steamer *Louisiana* for Galveston. Arriving on April 16, she began a ten-day swing through Texas which took her by steamer up Buffalo Bayou to Houston, by stage coach to Washington, Independence, Huntsville, Crockett, Nacogdoches, and thence to Natchitoches, Louisiana, where she took a steamboat back to New Orleans. Miss Murray proved an indefatigable, uncomplaining traveler and a true Texan at heart. She traveled over corduroy roads where stumps were often a foot high, and, as if this were not test enough of her endurance, she spent a day on horseback, riding from Independence along Yegua Creek to see a petrified forest and some Indian mounds. At the end of her tour she declared that, with the possible exception of the highlands of Virginia, she preferred Texas to any other place in the United States. In all fairness it must be conceded that her visit coincided with one of the seasons of the year when Texas has its best foot forward.

Amelia Matilda Murray was born in 1795, the fourth daughter of Lord George Murray, bishop of Saint David's. Her mother was appointed lady-in-waiting to Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth in 1808, and the young girl attracted the attention of the royal family by her brightness. One of the intimate friends of her early years was Annabella Milbanke, the future Lady Byron.

Shortly after the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, Miss Murray was appointed maid of honor to the Queen, a position which gave full play to her many interests. She was fascinated by the study of botany and was gifted at sketching. She also had a lively interest in politics, but, most of all, she was interested in the reforms of her era—penal, insane asylum, educational, women's rights, and, above all, abolition. Abolition was uppermost in her mind when she arrived in the United States on her grand tour, and it was the issue that cost her her position as maid of honor. Her biographer, Gordon Goodwin, says that she was a zealous abolitionist and that she resigned as maid of honor because in that position she could not speak as she desired on the issue, a political question. It is evident, however, that Goodwin either had not read her *Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada* or that he misstated the case. Miss Murray arrived in the United States deeply interested in the problem of slavery and with Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* fresh on her mind, but during the course of her tour she was thoroughly converted to the Southern point of view. "There is an obvious and irremovable dissimilarity between the white

and black race," she concluded. "The blacks are children of larger growth."[2] Miss Murray's unexpected support of slavery dismayed English reformers and cost her many friendships. If, as Goodwin says, she resigned as maid of honor so that she could speak her mind freely on abolition, it was not because she favored abolition but because she opposed it. She resigned as maid of honor in 1856 but was immediately appointed extra woman of the bedchamber, a position she held until she died, almost blind, at the age of eighty-nine on June 7, 1884.

Miss Murray's position opened all the important doors to her in the United States. She visited Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and he held an umbrella over her head while she completed a sketch in the rain; President and Mrs. Franklin Pierce, grieving for their dead child, received her; Jessie Benton Fremont invited her to see a series of daguerreotypes which John C. Fremont had brought from the Rocky Mountains; and at a pleasant Washington party attended by "all the notabilities" she received invitations from various congressmen to visit their states. One invitation was to visit Texas, and Sam Houston undoubtedly issued it, for Miss Murray later recalled that his home was at Independence and decided to visit there instead of continuing to Austin.

Throughout her American tour Miss Murray showed a zest for new experiences. When she criticized, she did so good-naturedly and with permission from her American friends to abuse them a little. The idleness of well-to-do American women along the eastern seaboard irritated her. She called them playthings and wrote that their everlasting rocking in rocking chairs made her a little seasick. When one woman dared to mention the American Revolution, Miss Murray hastened to assure her that no one in the British Isles troubled himself about the War of American Independence except "to think his ancestors unwise for having fought about it." She was contemptuous of the pretensions of the American upper classes but appreciative of basic pioneer qualities.

In the same period that Miss Murray paid her brief visit to Texas, Frederick Law Olmsted made an extensive tour, collecting material for his book which became a standard work on Texas in the 1850's. In the same year Eliza Griffin Johnston with three young children traveled with an army train from Kansas to the Texas Indian frontier, camping at night and huddling by an open fire to keep from freezing.[3] The three travelers saw Texas from three entirely different viewpoints, but the two women had much in common. Both delighted in Texas wild flowers, and both were artists.[4] More important, they shared basic qualities of character which Eliza Johnston's stepson defined as high courage, strength, and endurance. It is apparent from the Honourable Amelia Matilda Murray's account of her trip to Texas that if she had not been the Queen's lady, she would have made a good frontier army wife.

Galveston, Texas, U.S.
April 17, 1855

My Dear Friends,

I ought to have sent my last packet from New Orleans instead of which, owing to hurry, I have brought it here from whence I am afraid its dispatch be more distant and less secure. After a passage of thirty-six hours we arrived

here last night. Although the weather was very fine, there was a swell of the waves, which made the majority of the passengers unhappy.[5] R * says she was worse than in crossing the Atlantic. I was not positively ill, but rather uncomfortable yesterday; and as I hear of a mail route from Austin, the capital of this State, *via* Natchitoches and the Red River, I mean to return to New Orleans that way, we shall then only have three or four hundred miles of a river steamer instead of the sea-voyage.[7] But it has only been by falling with a gentleman living in that territory that I have ascertained the possibility of a land journey. I was told even by Texas resident at New Orleans that there were no conveyances; but arrangements in these new countries are so rapid that circumstances one year ago may have been all changed in the last few months. As yet I have only looked out of the window of the Fremont Hotel.[8] This seems a clean, flat, sandy place; the houses irregularly built, and all of plank, but comfortable-looking, as these wooden houses are, unless they are set on a blaze.

There are many savage tribes to the northeast of this State, but the theatre of the present war between the United States and the Indians is one thousand miles off. Beyond Austin, there are Comanches, Pawnees, Kesways, Cherokees, and Creeks, and towards Missouri, the Osages; but the Choctaws, which tribe borders upon the Red River and the settled lands, are the gentlest and most civilized of all these nations; so, while the other tribes are in a way to becoming extinct, the Choctaws keep up their numbers.[9] They boast that they have never embrued their hands in the blood of any white man. They have comfortable houses and a settled polity—sheriffs, etc., etc.; and there is an idea of some day admitting them as a State into the Union. I saw one of them attending the educational convention at Washington in European dress, and looking like a gentleman. I should like to visit that people. . . .

The distance from hence to New Orleans by sea is about four hundred miles. Galveston is an island. I have just returned from a drive along some fine sands which extend for miles upon the flat shore, where there must be excellent bathing. The population of the town appears to be a mixture of Germans, Dutch, French, English, and Americans. Almost all the tradespeople I spoke to were of the first-mentioned nation.[10] I was surprised to see such a number of hairdressers in proportion to the size of the place; there are three within a stone's-throw of our hotel,—"Hyppolite and Batiste," from Paris! where hair is "instantly dyed," and wigs, toupets, and fronts are well made, etc. etc. Artificial proceedings for outward adornment which are now little practiced in France and England, appear to have emigrated to this side the Atlantic.

Washington, Texas, Thursday, April 19. We left Galveston in the *Houston* steamer at four o'clock to go fifty miles up the bay and forty miles up the bayou to Houston. These bayous are very curious. I observed one of them at New Orleans, but not having ascended it in a boat, I was not fully, aware what odd sea-ditches they are. They must be peculiar to this coast—I never heard of them elsewhere—and I imagine their navigation is one of the most singular in the world. It was a bright starlight night when we ascended that which leads from Galveston Bay inland. I sat upon the prow of the vessel, with another lady, from eight o'clock until midnight, too much interested to think of either fatigue or damp. Our steamer, near two hundred feet long, was navigated the whole way through a channel hardly more than eighty feet wide, though deep enough

to float a man-of-war. Negroes holding braziers of blazing pine-wood, stood on each side the vessel, illuminating our passage, the foliage and even the beautiful flowers so near that we could almost gather them as we floated by; a small bell was ringing every instant, to direct our engineers; one moment the larboard paddle, then the starboard, was stopped or set in motion, or the wheels were altogether standing still, while we swung round the narrow corners of this tortuous channel; the silence of the bordering forests broken alone by the sobs of our high-pressure engine, which is less expensive in construction, and enables a vessel to draw less water than a low pressure. Now and then a night bird, or frog croaking with a voice like that of a watchman's rattle, accompanied the bells and the escape valve. But human voices were awed into silence during our solemn progress, which seemed to me to belong neither to the sea nor the earth—it was, indeed, a kind of amphibious proceeding. A downward steamer once passed us: I was glad we did not meet at one of the narrowest places, for there, I believe, they sometimes edge by one another, absolutely touching; but this navigation, however extraordinary, is considered peculiarly safe. The depth of the water being so great and so still, it is difficult to understand how these bayous have been formed. They are deep trenches running up into the interior —Nature's canals—no streams come in at the termination, and the water is always salt or brackish.[11]

In two or three hours after our arrival at Houston, we were obliged to get into the mail coach for this place; so, coming in the dark and setting out before daylight, I know little of Houston.[12] It is said to be pretty, but must be flat, for soon after leaving it we entered upon prairies which extended for fifty miles; fine grass and beautiful flowers, fertile though sandy plains. Once or twice, when we stopped to water the horses, I got out for a few minutes, and while the rest of the party dined, I rushed back to gather what I could; but it was very tantalizing to me to pass all kinds of new plants without being able to possess myself of them. In the few opportunities afforded me, I got about twenty: one or two of genera, and the others of species, either unknown or little known in our gardens.

It was ten o'clock last night before we reached Washington: the driver declared we must start again at three this morning, so I rebelled, and have let the mail proceed to Austin without us. I must give up that capital, however picturesque the scenery may be and content myself with visiting General Samuel Houston, at Independence,[13] twelve miles farther than this place, and then turn back towards the Red River. It is useless to run through a greater extent of country without pausing long enough to see it; and we must be back at New Orleans by the end of the month.

The route here from the sea-shore is very thinly peopled—no towns no villages; and only an occasional settlement here and there, mostly Dutch. After leaving the prairies we came to a very pretty district, resembling English park scenery; fine scattered trees and woods with the brightest and most luxuriant verdure I have seen in America. At times the oaks and the sand reminded me of Kent; but these oaks are not the same species as ours, yet are the Texans fine trees. The dwarf "Black Jack" is abundant all about.[14] We passed the Brazos River in a ferry-boat, left for the convenience of the public, without a ferryman.[15] It was large enough to admit the coach and four horses, with the pass-

engers, who got out, and a rope guided the whole across a quiet narrow river. . . .

As we came along, one of the gentleman passengers, at my request, caught a singular little reptile for me, which is here called the horned frog, but it has a tail, and is not more like a frog than the gelsemine is like jessamine.[16] I shall try to reconcile it to live and become my fellow-traveller.

Since I wrote the above, I have been spending two days at a small town called Independence, and there a boy gave me another of these creatures, which will be a companion to the first; and I hope to get them safely to England, an offering to Mr. Owen.[17] Yesterday they both eloped from a tin box; so as nothing in the shape of a cage could be procured, I went to a store, bought a large metal sieve, and persuaded a carpenter to let it into a circular piece of wood, grandly enough made of the cedar, which is used for common purposes in this country: the carpenter's shop was perfumed by its shavings. The sieve, with the sand at the bottom, is an airy and pleasant abode for my prisoners; and I can watch their evolutions without difficulty; they seem gentle, harmless little things, and being crustaceous and not slippery-feeling, I have no objection to them. Their appearance is most antediluvian, with their fringes and horns, and birdy-expression of countenance.

I spent two pleasant days at Independence, where I boarded R and myself in the clean, though simple abode of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.;[18] He is building a house, in which he means to receive boarders and travellers. In the meanwhile (although Mrs. Holmes was occupied with an infant only a fortnight old) he gave up his own parlour—a canvas and boarded room, covered by a nice clean mat with a door opening at once upon the high road; a couch for my bed, and muslin curtains—half crimson, half white—across the windows. This room was quite free from the odour of tobacco, and very neat.

I called upon Mrs. Houston, and found that the General is absent at Huntsville; but I was invited to take tea, and I spent the greater part of my time with Mrs. Houston and her pleasant family-party; she was so kind as to lend me an excellent horse, by which means I saw much of the neighbourhood; and this morning I rode twelve miles across the Awah River,[19] and swamp, to seek for a fossilized forest and for flowers. A gentleman accompanied me who was an excellent backwoodsman and guide. We crossed the swamp and river, which would have been impassible during a less dry season; and before long we saw a wolf, and a singular bird, called a water-turkey; it has a head and form resembling that bird, but it has also web feet, and such a power of remaining under water that it will dive for ten minutes at a time. We soon came to a petrified forest, which is said to be ten miles in extent. I found fine specimens of fossil-wood, whole trunks of trees, and large branches. The weight of a bullock-wagon passing along a track, had crushed one of these fossil trees, and I gathered up some specimens. All these stone trunks lie prostrate.[20]

Further on, three mocassin snakes lay basking upon some mud in the channel of a small river, below our path; they looked venomous, though inert; and I felt glad to be fairly out of their way. A pretty small pair of deer's horns had been dropped near a bush, and I persuaded my guide to pick them up, but he having no great liking for unnecessary trouble, hung them upon a tree, with an

assurance that we must pass the same way in returning; but he forgot this, and returned a mile to the right, so I lost them after all. Though the weather was sultry, and our ride was tiring for the horses, they would not touch water at any of the lesser streams we crossed because (Mr. D said) wild beasts, such as panthers, wolves, and bears, had drunk there. We saw the tracks of such animals, but there is no danger of meeting them, as they take care to get out of your way. The only beings who crossed our path during this long ride were a gentlemanly-looking boy, about twelve years old, accompanied by two negroes, all on horseback; they were seeking horses which had strayed in the forest. We went as far as some ancient Indian mounds;[23] and I found Phlox Drummondi, indigenous, upon a small sandy prairie; in colour a dark ruby, very beautiful; each plant was a small annual, not more than half a foot high, yet I conclude it is the original of all ours.[24] We got back safely to Independence by three o'clock, having been on horseback since five in the morning, but I had been too well amused to think about fatigue.

Huntsville, Sunday, April 22. This is a pretty scattered town.[25] We left Independence yesterday evening, slept at Washington, and came on the mail at three o'clock this morning.[26] The Brazos was again to be crossed in a ferry boat. A mile from thence one of the horses became ill, but after laying down almost immovable for a quarter of an hour, he got up and went twelve miles without any apparent difficulty. About half way we met General Houston on horseback, attended by his negro groom.[27] Nearly all the country between Washington and this place is fine rich prairie land, interspersed with picturesque oaks; it resembles Somersetshire, Kent, and Winsor Forest by turns; the grass abundant, and beautifully green. We saw some deer; and, at one place in the water again, two of those poisonous mocassin snakes; I also heard of bears and panthers, and of a black snake, a kind of boa, ten feet long, which moves with great rapidity, and throws itself upon deer and cattle, and has been known (though rarely) to follow and attack people.[28] We reached this place just before sunset.

At a small log-house, in a lonely situation, a ladylike woman and her child, a girl about ten years old, got into the carriage. We were surprised to learn that, in the absence of her son of seventeen, for college attendance, this lady lived entirely alone with her daughter; she had learned to fire off a gun, in case of emergency, but she confesses that the alarm and uneasiness consequent upon her lonely life is more than she can bear much longer. The roads here are by no means bad; we had a very comfortable coach, well-horsed, and well-driven, and there is really no difficulty whatever, except fatigue, in traversing this part of the country.

Crockett,[29] *Texas, Tuesday, April 24.* We left Huntsville by half-past six yesterday morning, and arrived here by moonlight early in the evening. With the exception of scenery at Trinity River (which we crossed, as usual, in a large ferry boat), the drive today (through deep sand, and in swampy places upon shifting corduroy roads) was monotonous and uninteresting: we had three companions in the mail, rough-looking, but courteous, well informed men; all of them Texan agriculturists; one had served in Florida in the Seminole war, and had lived much among the Indians: another, a bright-looking young man, was returning to his farm and a father eighty years old, after two years wandering upon the frontier line of Mexico, hunting and shooting. He had been among companions

who could not persuade him to accompany them to California; but he said a wild life had great charms for him, and that he should find it difficult to settle down at home. He thinks Texas the finest State in the Union, as it is the largest in point of extent; and that railroads and more people are all it wants. We passed many cotton plantations during our journey today, and large numbers of cattle, apparently of the Holderness or the Durham breed. Dairies are little thought about; it is cultivating beef, and oxen for draught, which is the object, not milk, cream, or butter. One hardly ever sees cream in America—never in this State.

Upon arriving at an hotel, or rather tavern, in Texas, one is shown into a room where the mistress (usually very young) acknowledges the arrival of visitors, and offers a chair; but it would be quite beneath her dignity to go with you to your room or even to see that you have necessary comforts; she "will desire the servants to attend." After a while a negro girl, or perhaps two or three, will show you a bed chamber, and hang about to watch you and your packages; and it is usually necessary to scold or speak sharply before they will bestir themselves to "fix the chamber;" and if you are not careful to put your things out of the reach of curiosity, a bevy will assemble as soon as your back is turned, to amuse themselves with your cap, bonnet, or perhaps your combs and brushes.

The "lady" sits at the head of the table at tea or supper, but it seems quite an offence if you suppose she knows anything about the bill, or even respecting modes of travelling or distances: to any such inquiries she will say that "You must ask at the office," or "Inquire of Mr. So-and-so"—she knows nothing of such things. So, though the blacks make good servants if they are strictly disciplined and well watched, yet at these hotels they are careless and troublesome beyond measure. Twice during this tour, when the night departure of the mail allowed passengers but an hour or two of rest, I was just asleep when a black woman would come screaming at the doors waking me, saying she wanted to come to "find the blacking-brush which is left under your bed, missus," or to "look for a quilt," probably to use as a table cloth, or it may be only an excuse to gain entrance. I positively refuse to let them in, but then I am completely aroused, and there is small chance of sleep afterwards.[28]

Friday, April 27. On board the Rapides,[29] Red River, Alexandria. After our long fatiguing journey, we are fortunate in getting accommodation in this comfortable steamer, which will take us down the Red River to the Mississippi, and so back to New Orleans.

Alexandria, Monday morning, April 30. I go back to say that we arrived at this place by moonlight, after four days and nights hard travelling, but in coaches so good and so well appointed that, although the roads were very rough and dusty, we had no cause to be frightened, except in passing the loose plank bridges, most of them with no pretence of a rail to prevent vehicles and horses from going over the sides; but we were assured that accidents are of rare occurrence, and these coaches have such fine horses, and such admirable drivers, that I never travelled at night with such confidence as through the wild forests and natural roads of Texas. As yet there is no other road-making than cutting down trees actually in the way, the stumps of which are often left a foot high, to be shunned by the driver and horses, who learn from experience how to avoid them even in the dark.[30]

After Crockett, we left the more open country; but all the way to Huntsville the soil is a red sand, with rolling hills covered by rich forests, but the timber is not so thickly set as to be drawn up without leaves or branches; and we only occasionally passed through a pine barren. Nachitoches is a very pretty town; the houses with nice gardens, and the drive through open woods, containing a great variety of trees, for some miles along a raised terrace, from which one sees a fine hilly country in every direction, is very interesting, until you come to that which my fellow travellers informed me was the most beautiful twenty miles of all, and then I was rather disappointed to find that its beauty consisted only in rich land, and fertile cotton, sugar, and maize fields.

Upon reaching a bayou which falls into the Red River, we drive along the shore of its muddy slow stream—at present so low from the long drought, that it is like a great ugly ditch, with snake fences and acres of red flat fields on our left. I thought of the American who considered Salisbury Plain the most lovely district in England. Part of the former picturesque tract is dotted by cotton in plantations and comfortable looking abodes. We saw occasionally gangs of people at work in the fields, under a driver, but all seemed contented and merry. I pitied the overseer, who sat idle upon his horse, and thought I should prefer being one of the labourers. The black women generally dislike being taken as house-servants; they prefer the work and the more general society of the fields.[31] We saw two mocassion snakes in the water—one large snake, which is only accused of eating up chickens, and another big enough to be a boa.

Several rivers were crossed during the day: Angelina, Black River, and Bayou Sabine.[32] This would be a very favourable path for emigrants into Texas, as a hilly country is less liable to fevers, and the people would be more easily acclimated. A Mr. Hall at New Orleans is spoken of as an excellent adviser for new settlers. Such adventurers should arrive before December, come straight up the Red River from the Mississippi as far as Alexandria, from whence they would easily reach a favourable locality. A party of thirty emigrants, who could purchase about three hundred acres of ready cleared land for about 60 *l.* and divide it among them, would have a much better chance of immediate comfort and prosperity than any one individual taking the whole quantity; and if there is a carpenter among them, he would be the most successful of all. I should much prefer settling in Texas to any other part of the Union I have seen, unless it was the Highlands of Virginia.[33] There is certainly more chance of fevers in the South; but if people come in the early part of the winter and are not imprudent, they will be tolerably safe. Game abounds here and fish in all the streams.

I have at last ascertained what is meant by the Chinquapin—a nut which has been frequently mentioned, but till now I could never fit any tree to the name. It looks like a chestnut of a small delicate kind. I have discovered that it is the *Castanea pumila*.[34] In a rich prairie, some miles beyond Independence, beyond the district called Atewa, I found a beautiful phlox of a rich velvety crimson. It may be that one described in Darby's *Botany of the Southern States*[35] as "pilosa," or the original Drummondi, but I should call it crimson not purple. It appears to be confined to the locality above named. I have not seen or heard of it anywhere else. A few miles south of Independence, a beautiful bright sky-blue Ixia-looking flower, unlike any Sisyrinchium I ever saw, though I think it

must be one.[36] Texas can hardly yet have been thoroughly botanized, so that it is not impossible for me to fall in with new plants.

I brought the two little Crustaceans on my lap all the way from Washington. They appear in good health and tolerably well content with their sieve. I think that they must be examples of the reptile creation (as the family of Alligator Gars are among the fishes) of forms which are generally by-gone. They occasionally accept a fly as food, and I am told they will eat ants and ant-eggs, but, like tortoises, they seem very independent of meals, and quite as well content without as with them. Fear does not appear to seem a trait in their character. They do not try to escape from my hands, or to suffer from being taken hold of. Their little horns and bony excrescences are, I suppose, considered sufficient defence. They are the gentlest and least aggressive creatures I ever met with.

We are hospitably sheltered on board the *Rapides*, but she has engagements which will detain her here till tomorrow morning, so I must be content in the meanwhile to make acquaintance with mocking-birds, "whip-poor-wills," alligators and fireflies, all of which abound on the Red River; and I have also found one or two more flowers new to me, by walking on shore this afternoon. On the shore, too, I saw trails of snakes across a sandy path. One must have been very large; but as we kept the road we were not afraid, for these reptiles generally get out of the way of intruders.

Saturday, April 28. We began moving down the Red River, towards the Mississippi. The two days before, our steamer was occupied taking in freight—cotton, sugar, and molasses—and a large portion was put into a barge attached to the *Rapides*, to prevent her drawing too much water in passing a shallow. When that was accomplished, the additional cargo was shipped, and the barge left behind. Alligators were plentiful along the shore today; pretty white cranes and occasional water turkeys accompanied our passage. A gentleman on board described a bird he had shot in the neighbourhood of Red River, which must resemble the Apteryx from Australia, to be seen in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, except that it is smaller.

Before the junction with the Mississippi, the Red River opens out into what is called Old River, because it is believed to be an ancient bed of the Mississippi. We have now got into the main channel of the latter stream; but its shores have not yet become flat and uninteresting, for we are still in the rolling country of red sand, from which the Red River derives its appellation and muddy complexion.

Monday, April 30. Just arrived by five o'clock at New Orleans, after a quiet and pleasant voyage. Nothing remarkable yesterday, except the town of Baton Rouge, which is prettily situated on the banks of the river. It boasts of the state house and a fort, and is considered the capital of Louisiana. I observe that the local governments generally hold their sittings at those places which in point of size are third rate. There is a certain jealousy of influence of large cities, which prevents them from being selected for legislative meetings. The Mississippi banks are much prettier about a hundred miles above New Orleans, where the chalky formation, which follows the alluvial, and precedes the red sandstone rocks in all the Southern States and in Cuba, begins to rise above flat plantations of cotton, maize, and sugar.

After leaving the Red banks, I saw no more alligators, though I believe they are occasionally to be found below. We have been fortunate in a bright moon, which has almost turned night into day. I have seen no fossils either before or after the red sand in Texas or Louisiana, but I daresay there may be some, as I have before found plenty of nummulites, echini, pectens, etc. I suppose all these formations are what the geologists call Eocene. I should like to speak of new chalk as distinguished from old chalk, for it seems pretty clear that they are made much after the same fashion, only the chalk of England is an elder brother, and has black flints and different fossils from the younger one, whose flints are brown; but I suppose this proposition is very ungeological. A gentleman here has given me specimens found in sinking the artesian well in New Orleans; and though it has been sunk nearly two hundred feet, still it produces only sea-sand, and broken or unbroken shells. The Mississippi appears to have travelled about a good deal in his time, and I should not wonder if some day he should take a fancy to join Lake Ponchartrain, and perhaps he may move across the city of New Orleans. I have seldom time to read over what I write, and therefore my letters may contain repetitions; If so, you must excuse them.

All I saw of slavery in Texas confirms previous conclusions. Workmen are so much wanted in that fine country, that it would seem impossible to abolish slave-labour, at any rate for many years to come: perhaps some Africans might be benefited and improved by being brought there. The old settled States are naturally unwilling to be troubled with fresh importations; but I think Texan agriculturists might be willing to take charge of them.[2] It seems to me that kind and good people I have known do not yet understand the real bearings of this slavery question. I daresay in former times there were more abuses than at present: it is the slaveholders who come from North who prove the least patient and most severe masters; so I suppose abolitionists judge by what they know of them: Of course there are much stronger ties of affection between those whose immediate tie has been only a pecuniary one. . . .

NOTES

[1]Miss Murray's account of her Texas trip appears in Amelia Matilda Murray, *Letters from the United States, Cuba and Canada* (New York: G. P. Putnam and Company, 1856), 290-303. The author's spelling and punctuation have been retained unless otherwise indicated. Some change has been made in paragraphing.

Biographical information about Miss Murray is derived from Gordon Goodwin, "Amelia Matilda Murray," *Dictionary of National Biography* (22 vols; London: Oxford University Press, 1949), XIII, 1244-1245; *Times*, London, June 11, 1884; and Miss Murray's will (Principal Probate Registry, London).

[2]Miss Murray's change of heart is traced in more detail in *Travelers in Texas, 1761-1860* (Austin & London: University of Texas Press, 1967), pp. 136-137.

See Frederick Law Olmsted, *A Journey Through Texas: or, A Saddle-Trip on the Southwestern Frontier* (New York: Dix, Edwards and Company, 1857); and Charles Roland and Richard C. Robbins (eds.), "The Diary of Eliza (Mrs. Albert Sidney) Johnston, The Second Cavalry Comes to Texas," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, LX (April 1957), 463-500.

[4]An album of Mrs. Johnston's paintings of Texas wild flowers, painted between the years 1843 and 1857, is in the Daughters of the Republic of Texas Museum, Austin. Miss Murray specialized in landscapes.

[5]The roll off the coast of Galveston is attributed to the gradual slant of the Gulf plain into the Gulf of Mexico. Many travelers have complained of the roll. See Earl W. Fornell, *The Galveston Era, the Texas Crescent on the Eve of Secession* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1961), 6.

[6]Miss Murray's companion on the trip, apparently her maid.

[7]The stage route was established in 1854 and was scheduled to run three times a week from Austin to Washington, Anderson, Huntsville, Crockett, Nacogdoches, San Augustine, and Natchitoches. Irene T. Allen, *Saga of Anderson* (New York: Greenwich Book Publishers, 1957), 75. Miss Murray was either misinformed or misstated the distance from Natchitoches to New Orleans.

[8]The original Tremont Hotel was built in 1837 at the corner of Twenty-Third and Post Office Streets and was torn down in 1861. It was a large rambling structure which was the most fashionable hotel in Galveston in the decades before the Civil War. Miss Murray's fellow countrymen who stopped there usually commented on the mad haste of the meals at the Tremont and on the fact that after meals the gentlemen arranged themselves on the wide verandah in every bodily contortion while they read newspapers, chewed tobacco, and spat. Francis C. Sheridan, who visited Texas in 1839-1840, stayed at the Tremont in a room which he estimated to be about ten by fifteen feet in size and which he shared with five other men. In the same year that Miss Murray visited the Tremont, a Northern guest described conditions there by saying that "everything was in true Southern fashion, at sixes and sevens." See Matilda C. Houstoun, *Texas and the Gulf of Mexico: or, Yachting in the New World* (2 vols.; London: John Murray, 1844), I, 271-273; Willis W. Pratt (ed.), *Galveston Island: or, A Few Months Off the Coast of Texas, the Journal of Francis C. Sheridan, 1839-1840* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1954), 39-41; Ellen B. Ballou, "Scudder's Journey to Texas, 1859," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* (July 1959), 1-14; Ophia D. Smith, "A Trip to Texas in 1855," *ibid.*, LIX (July 1955), 34-39; and letter of Mildred Stevenson, reference librarian, Rosenberg Library, to the writer, April 19, 1963. The Tremont is also treated in Richard A. Van Orman, *A Room for the Night: Hotels of the Old West* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1966).

[9]Miss Murray's information about Indians is garbled and incorrect. She was not so far removed from Indian warfare as she thought. The prolonged drought of the mid-1850's, which both she and Olmsted mention, had made the plains barren and game scarce. That plus the advance of settlers had made the Indians of the plains bold, and in the year Miss Murray visited Texas Indians raided as far down as the Blanco River within twenty miles of Austin, her original destination. Later that year the crack Second Cavalry headed by Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee was ordered to Texas to bring order to the frontier. For a firsthand view of the Texas Indian frontier, see Olmsted. *Journey Through Texas*, 295-306. See also, Carl Coke Rister, *Robert E. Lee in Texas* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1946), *passim;* and William Preston Johnston, *The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1879), 190-193.

[10]Olmsted estimated that there were about thirty-five thousand Germans in Texas at the beginning of 1857. See Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 428-441.

[11]For other journeys on Buffalo Bayou during the period before the Civil War see Houstoun, *Texas and the Gulf*, 175-186, 208-215; Smith, "Trip to Texas," 27; Max Freund (ed.), *Gustav Dresel's Houston Journal, Adventures in North America, 1837-1841* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1954), 30; and Andrew Forest Muir (ed.), *Texas in 1837, an Anonymous, Contemporary* Narrative (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1958), 20-25. See also Andrew Forest Muir, "The Destiny of Buffalo Bayou," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XLVII (October 1943), 91-106.

[12]Olmsted reported that Houston showed many agreeable signs of accumulated wealth at the time of his visit. There were well-supplied shops, a large and good hotel, several neat churches, a theatre, and "a most remarkable number of showy bar-rooms and gambling saloons." The principal thoroughfare led from the steamboat landing and was the busiest he saw in Texas. Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 361-362. See also Pratt (ed.), *Galveston Island*, 112; Freund (ed.), *Dresel's Houston Journal*, 31-42; and Walter Lord (ed.), *The Fremantle Diary, Being the Journal of Lieutenant Colonel Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, Coldstream Guards, or His Three Months in the Southern States* (Boston: Little Brown Company, 1954), 51.

[13]Houston established a permanent residence in Independence in 1853, so that his children could have the educational advantages of Baylor University and so that his wife could be near her mother, Nancy Moffette Lea. Independence, founded as Coles Settlement in 1824, was a thriving town which considered itself the Athens of Texas in the 1850's. See R. Henderson Shuffler, *The Houstons at Independence* (Waco, Texas: Texian Press, 1966), 13-19; Gracey Booker Toland, *Austin Knew His Athens* (San Antonio: Naylor Company, 1958), *passim;* and F. T. Fields, *Texas Sketchbook* (Houston: Humble Oil and Refining Company, 1956), 30-35. The latter is notable for sketches of old Independence homes by E. M. Schiwetz.

[14]Miss Murray was in the vicinity of the Brazos River near Hempstead. The black jack oak is usually found in dry, sandy soils in central Texas. See Robert A. Vines, *Trees, Shrubs, and Woody Vines of the Southwest* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1960), 182-183.

[15]Miss Murray probably crossed the Brazos at a ferry below the conjunction of the Brazos and the Navasota Rivers. Allen, *Saga of Anderson*, 75.

[16]The horned frog, which is actually a lizard, genus *Phrynosoma*, was an unfailing attraction to visitors to Texas. The horned frog is found only in the western United States and Mexico in hot, dry, sandy areas. It is viviparous. Mary Austin Holley commented on the creature, and Olmsted mailed two home to New York. Neither Miss Murray nor these visitors, however, witnessed the most remarkable feat of the horned frog. Occasional specimens when handled will eject a jet of blood from the cornor of the eye. See Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 312-313; Mary Austin Holley, *Texas* (Lexington, Kentucky: J. Clark and Company, 1836), 104; and Raymond Ditmars, *The Reptile Book* (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1914) 143-159. Ditmars witnessed

the blood ejection from the eye under laboratory conditions and describes it in detail. The occurrence is very rare.

[17]Richard Owen (1804-1892) was a naturalist and distinguished lecturer and writer on comparative anatomy. Queen Victoria gave him a cottage in Richmond Park in 1852 in recognition of his work. Owen was especially interested in extinct animals and was hostile to Darwin. William Henry Flower, "Richard Owen," *Dictionary of National Biography*, XIV, 1329-1338.

[18]At least four persons by the name of Holmes resided near Independence in the 1850's. William S. Holmes purchased ten acres in Willson Addition to town of Independence from Marcia Davis on February 7, 1856. Mary Apless Holmes purchased five and one-fourth acres near the town from William A. and Nancy A. Baldwin on February 22, 1856. Willet Holmes purchased about two hundred acres near the town from Mary R. Butler on February 3, 1852. A deed dated 1856 is made to Anthony Holmes. See Deed Records of Washington County, 0, 211-212, 287-288; K, 210; and S, 471. The dates suggest that Miss Murray probably boarded with Willet Holmes. Willet Holmes was an unsuccessful candidate for sheriff of Washington County in 1856 and represented Milam County in the Seventh Congress. He, his wife, and a child are buried at Independence. *Biographical Directory of Texan Conventions and Congresses, 1832-1845* (Austin: 1941), 105; and Worth S. Ray, *Austin Colony Pioneers, Including History of Bastrop, Fayette, Grimes, Montgomery, and Washington Counties* (Austin: 1949), 123.

[19]Miss Murray somewhat confused the name of Yegua Creek, sometimes called Yegua River, a tributary of the Brazos River, which now forms the boundary between Lee and Burleson and Burleson and Washington Counties.

[20]The petrified forest is at Loebau, a Lee County community on Yegua Creek a few miles northeast of the present Giddings.

[21]The Indian mounds are also near Loebau.

[22]Miss Murray is correct. The *Phlox drummondii* is named for Thomas Drummond, a Scottish botanical collector who made two botanical tours in North America. On the first, he toured the Hudson River, the Great Lakes area, and explored as far as the Rocky Mountains. He arrived in Texas in 1831 on the second tour. There he contracted cholera. He was ill during most of his stay in Texas but, nevertheless, sent home many plants which were described in botanical journals published by William Hooker. Drummond had many pointed remarks to make about Texas, but, according to one report, had made up his mind to make Texas his permanent residence. He died in Havana en route to Great Britain in March 1835. Holley, *Texas*, vii *n;* Samuel W. Geiser, *Naturalists of the Frontier* (Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1948). 55-78; and Susan Delano McKelvey, *Botanical Exploration of the Trans-Mississippi West, 1790-1850* (Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts: Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, 1955), 486-570.

Phlox drummondii is an annual, about six to fifteen inches tall, with color ranging from bright rose-red to carmine or purple. It grows wild in sandy post oak woods in a crescent-shaped area from Goliad County north to Brazos County and west to Wilson County. It blooms from April to June and usually

grows in masses. See Mary Motz Wills and Howard S. Irwin, *Roadside Flowers of Texas* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1961), 35, 179-181. The Drummond post oak *(Quercus drummondii)* is also named for Thomas Drummond. Vines, *Trees*, 154.

[22]William Preston Johnston, later president of Tulane University, followed the same route in the same year. He called Huntsville "the most thriving and cleanest town I have been in in Texas," and commented on the brick penitentiary and large brick college there. Johnston to Rosa Johnston, February 11, 1855, Mrs. Mason Barret Papers (Howard-Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, New Orleans).

[24]Miss Murray stopped briefly at Fanthorp Inn at Anderson en route to Huntsville. Henry Fanthrop, the proprietor, was born in Lincolnshire, England. According to Fanthorp family legend, he and Miss Murray talked about affairs in England far into the night and his daughter Mary helped Miss Murray gather flowers to press as souvenirs of Texas. Allen, *Saga of Anderson*, 77; and E. L. Blair, *The Early History of Grimes County* (1930), 122-123.

[25]When Miss Murray saw Houston in Washington, D.C., she described him as massive-looking and soldier-like. Olmsted found Houston and his eccentricities to be an interesting topic of conversation in Texas. According to Olmsted's information, Houston had many warm old friends and made himself popular with new acquaintances, but the "greater part of the old fighting Texans hated and despised him." Miss Murray's fellow countryman, Arthur J. L. Fremantle, who saw Houston in Texas in 1863, described him as a "handsome old man, much given to chewing tobacco, and blowing his nose with his fingers." Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 104; and Lord (ed.), *Fremantle Diary*, 54.

[26]Miss Murray's black snake is mythical. A. C. Stimson, Houston herpetologist, suggests that the story Miss Murray heard was a variation of the hoop snake myth which is still current in the part of Texas she visited. According to the myth, the hoop snake makes itself into a hoop to follow and attack people, especially naughty children. No such snake has ever existed in Texas.

[27]Miss Murray's route joined the Old Spanish Road near Crockett. From there to Natchitoches she followed the route by which Olmsted entered Texas. For this view of Crockett see Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 83-84.

[28]For other descriptions of Texas inns see Ellen Garwood, "Early Texas Inns: A Study in Social Relationships," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, LX (October 1956), 219-239.

[29]The *Rapides*, a four hundred fourteen ton steamboat, was built in 1855 at New Albany, Indiana. J. C. Dowty was its master. The *Rapides* was serving the New Orleans-Donaldsonville trade in 1856 and was the New Orleans-Shreveport packet in 1857-1858. N. Philip Norman, "The Red River of the South," *Louisiana Historical Quarterly*, XXV (October 1942), 397-535.

[30]"The road could hardly be called a road," said Olmsted of roads along the Louisiana border. "It was only a way where people had passed along before." Olmsted, *Journey Through Texas*, 55. The date suggests that Miss Murray wrote this entry in New Orleans or on ship above New Orleans.

[31]This statement is contrary to all Southern tradition.

[32]Miss Murray crossed the Angelina River, Attoyac Bayou, and the Sabine River. Olmsted found that the Angelina ferry was reached by a rude causeway, "with bridges at intervals, some two or three miles in length." Miss Murray undoubtedly crossed the Sabine at Gaines Ferry, the same place Olmsted crossed it. *Ibid.*, 81, 64-65.

[33]Miss Murray was a kindred spirit of John W. Thomason who wrote in *Jeb Stuart* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), x, that "if I were not a Texan, I would like to be a Virginian."

[34]Castanea pumila, commonly known as Allegheny chinquapin, is a thicket-forming tree which grows in east Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and along the Atlantic coast as far north as New Jersey. Vines, *Trees*, 200-201.

[35]John Darby, *Botany of the Southern States* (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1855).

[36]Miss Murray probably refers to *Herbertia caerulea*, commonly called herbertia, a member of the iris family which has a brief blooming season at about the time of her visit. Hebertia is from six to eight inches tall and is usually found in wet prairies on the coast of Louisiana and Texas. Caroline Dormon, *Wild Flowers of Louisiana* (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, 1934), 30.

[37]African slaves were being smuggled into Texas during the mid-1850's. See Eugene C. Barker, "African Slave Trade in Texas," *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, VI (October 1902), 145-168.

MESS AT CAMP CHASE[1]

EDNA WHITE

When the Civil War began April 12, 1861, Robert J. (Joseph) Brailsford was a young merchant in Jasper, Texas.[2] On August 29th he was enlisted as a private in Company D, Whitfield's Cavalry Battalion, Texas Volunteers, by Captain Ben H. Norsworthy. Transferred to Company E, 1st Texas Legion (27th Cavalry Regiment) March 29, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant, and on June 14th, 1862, he became first lieutenant and adjutant of his regiment.[3]

Captain Brailsford participated in the battles of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 7-8, and Iuka, Mississippi, September 19, 1862. After the disastrous Confederate defeat at Corinth, Mississippi, on October 3-4, it was the Texas Legion that helped guard the Confederate supply train and the route of retreat at the bridge over the Hatchie River southwest of the city. It was here on October 5 that Captain Brailsford's horse (his personal perperty) was killed in action;[4] and, because of the defeat around Corinth, Major General Earl Van Dorn was relieved of his command of the Army of the West, CSA. Van Dorn and others (Brailsford was now adjutant of the Legion) then hatched the plan for a Special Cavalry Corps to raid and harass the Federals wherever and whenever feasible. Grant, collecting supplies for the assault on Vicksburg, had made Holly Springs in northern Mississippi the intermediate depot for vast stores of ammunition and other material, and it was this accumulation that Van Dorn sought to destroy. The Texas Brigade, composed of the 3rd, 6th, and 27th Cavalry Regiments, was part of the Corps.[5]

The raid on Holly Springs came off splendidly on December 21, 1862, and afterwards Van Dorn led his men into Tennessee. At Middleburg and Thompson's Station near Springhill, the brigade met the enemy with success though sustaining heavy losses, and continued to operate in the area south of Franklin on April 27, 1863, on the Carter Creek road between Springhill and Franklin, Brailsford was captured. He was sent immediately to Nashville, and was then forwarded on May 2 to Louisville and on May 8 to Fort Delaware.[6]

Meanwhile, on the very day that Brailsford was sent to Fort Delaware, Van Dorn had been murdered at headquarters in Springhill, Tennessee, by a jealous husband, and this meant the end of the Special Cavalry Corps.[7] The Texas Brigade was sent back to Mississippi where Vicksburg was under siege. The duty of the Legion was to guard the railroad bringing supplies into Vicksburg; thus they were stationed on the Big Black River about seven miles east of the city and escaped the ignominy of surrender to Grant on July 4, 1863. The brigade continued operations around Vicksburg, guarding the country as best it could by harrassing the enemy.[8]

Captain Brailsford's military records show that on August 1, 1863, he was a paroled prisoner. After his visit home, he was apparently trying to rejoin his comrades in Mississippi when the Federals captured him a second time.

The following quotations were taken verbatim from the short diary of Captain R. J. Brailsford:

"Route from Texas"[9]

"Started from *Home* in Newton County Oct. 22, 1863. Went to Gilberts where I met Merrill and Mills waiting. Staid the 23rd to rig a saddle. Started the 24th and came after night to Colburns. Went on the 25th to Nachitoches and started that night. Met an ex-officer of the 28th Cav. and a Texan who had crossed the River at St. Joseph and advised us to go that way directing us to a Maj. L. B. Morris . . . After some consultation concluded to go through Arkansas for fear of being detained by Taylors Cavalry there being an order from Gen. E. K. Smith to the effect that all troops be detained on that side of the river.[10] Crossed Red River at Grand Ecore and came on to Walkers near salt works. Proceeded on the 27th to Vernon. Proceeded on the 28th to Farmersville.[11]

"Left Camden, Ark., 29th Nov., 1863. Was captured 17th Dec., 1863 at St. Joseph, La.[12] (A page was missing from the diary) . . . let loose others retained amongst them an Ex Captain Campbell of Miss. who was let loose. A Mr. Bass formerly of the 9th Ark. who was afterwards liberated at Vicksburg also two fellows Barber and Rufe with a cartg machine, Mr. Hardy who lives across the Boggy and many others.[13]

"Col. C. after a few days returned my saddlebags but minus a great many little articles, which he said on my asking him that he had seen nothing of them and that I must be mistaken. There I first became acquainted with the immortal Lt. Dunn of Washington County, Miss. and of Chicot County, Ark. noterity who afforded us throughout our captivity considerable variety by his endless gibes and evirvescent nature, he being captured about that time from Greenville. We staid on the fleet until Nov. 21st when we were put on (the) Autocrat with other prisoners and sent to Vicksburg 20th Dec. Left 22nd Dec. Got to Camp Martin, Ind. 29th Dec. Officers to be removed and put up temporarily for a few days when five of their number who were of Morgan's Command (Gen. John H. Morgan),[14] and had been in jail and prison for 13 months, were sent off on exchange. They were Quinn, Gavin, Clay, Powell and Charley Wood.

"After they left we concluded to make a merrit of necessity and kept to our quarters at that place. The bal of the occupants of T. Callahan of Missouri, F. Nead of Ala., John Woolfork of Ky., and Andy Routh of La. With them we staid until Jany 27th, 1864 when we were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. (See note one), arriving on the 28th and confined in Prison No. 1. The privates who had been confined in that prison were removed and preparations made to accommodate only officers in that prison. We found Genl Vance also a prisoner. Officers kept coming on and we were finally removed to Prison No. 2. Found on the first day of our arrival at Camp Chase Lt. Boone of 1st Texas Inf. who informed me that John D. Ford was captured with him and had died in that camp on —— of —— (John D. Ford was, like Captain Brailsford, from Newton County, Texas).[15] From a Capt. Lowe of a Missouri Battery I learned that Lt. J. W. Middlebrook was captured and would be on in a few days and

accordingly about the 13th of March that specimen of humanity made his appearance in company with three other officers.

"A short time after my arrival at Camp Chase I was attacked with an eruption of the skin breaking out on the arms and legs and chest which annoyed me greatly for a long time.

"Organized a debating club in our mess and had some enlivening debates recruiting afterwards members from other messes.

"Mess at Camp Chase"

1 Capt. W. F. Tucker	11 Capt. W. R. White
2 Adjt. V. Thomas	12 Lt. J. W. Halliburton
3 Capt. J. W. Coughran	13 Lt. Ed Vizaas
4 Capt. H. W. Bonner	14 Lt. Todd
5 Lt. Frank Noble	15 Lt. J. Hardin
6 Lt. S. R. Dunn	16 Lt. P. J. (or I) White
7 Lt. R. J. Brailsford	17 Capt. Martin
8 Lt. J. C. Voorhees	18 Lt. Morton
9 Lt. Boone	19 Lt. W. Allen
10 Maj. Henry	20 Lt. Welsh

"On the 25th March startin from Camp Chase 272 of us went to Columbus but failed to get transportation so we went back startin again on the 26th. Was joined at Columbus by about 60 officers of Morgans Command from the penitentiary and proceeded to Fort Delaware where we arrived on the night of the 28th. Capt. Price and Lt. Voorhees stayed at Camp Chase to take the oath of allegiance, Capt. Martin said on account of sickness. Col. Hawkins was returned for trying to escape. A few days after arriving at Fort Delaware having learned that Garret Igo and Ralph Arnold were in the pen with the privates, myself and Lt. Middlebrook got a pass to go out to see them.

"About the last of May the officers captured in the Battle of the Wilderness were sent to our Barracks and on the 20th of Jun 600 and upwards were sent from Point Lookout[16] amongst them Lt. Coffee and Lt. John Burrus.

"On the 28th June myself and three others vis Lt. Bailey of Alabama Capt. Brown of Tenn. and Lt. Dosier of So. Ca. were carried to the fort and put in close confinement by the order of the Sect. of War as a retaliatory measure for 4 of the officers said to be confined in the Libby prison at Richmond.[17]

"Transfered to another cell in company with Maj. Mills of Gen Andersons Staff on the 30th. On Sept. 6th released from the Fort and sent down to the Barracks in compliance with an agreement between Col. Ould & Maj. Mulford to release all prisoners in close confinement on each side for retaliation.[18] On arriving on the inside again found all my friends, who had not been sent off, in good health and found Lt. Mulford . . . of Geo. Inf. captured near Petersburg, Va.

"On the 17th I was taken back to the fort & placed in the cell we had left. On the 18th Maj. Mills was released and sent back to the Barracks. Lt. Lockhart of Ala. was added to our number.

"Sept. 24th

100 guns fired by the Fort in honor I suppose of Sheridans victory over Early."[19]

Captain Brailsford did not receive his last parole from prison until May 13, 1865, after the war had ended.[20] The promotion to Captain must have occurred while he was in prison, for his "Patrol of Honor" was the first official document in his military record on which he was given this title.

Just when the diary was placed in the Bible is not known, but in the chaos which existed in the South at the close of the War it must have seemed of little importance. In the years following Captain Brailsford's return home to Newton County, he was in the mercantile business at Burkeville. During this time he served as treasurer of Newton County from 1876 to 1880, and was nominated at Jasper, Texas, where he had previously lived eight years, to represent the third district in the Nineteenth Legislature of Texas. He was elected by a 1,000 majority.[21]

The 1870 United States Census for Newton County records that Captain Brailsford was born in South Carolina and that he was thirty-four years of age. His aged mother (seventy-eight) and his maiden sisters, Elizabeth, age forty-three, and Annie, forty-one, were living in the same household. The Census for 1850, listed the Brailsford family as follows: father, sixty-two, who was also born in South Carolina, mother, fifty-eight, a brother William who was seven years older than Joseph, and his sisters, Mary and Charlotte. Charlotte was nineteen and Mary was sixteen. Charlotte married James Gilbert and Mary married Dr. A. A. McWhorter. One of the McWhorter sons worked with his uncle in the mercantile business. One of Dr. McWhorter's grandsons worked in the White House store in Beaumont for many years.

Other living nieces and nephews of Uncle Joe, or Captain Rock, as friends called him, are among the Adams, Trotti, McMahon, Francis, and Jackson families. They are among the highly esteemed families of East Texas.[22]

NOTES

[1]Camp Chase was near Columbus, Ohio. According to Mrs. Charles Martin, a member of the editorial board, *East Texas Historical Journal*, who has firsthand information concerning its location, it was four or five miles out of Columbus, and all that remains is the cemetery, now within the city limits.

[2]1860 Census, Jasper County, Texas. See Populations Schedules, Microcopy No. T-7, Roll No. 282.

[3]Photocopy of Confederate military record of R. J. Brailsford supplied by General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.

[4]*Ibid.* See also Victor M. Rose, *Ross' Texas Brigade*, a facsimile of the edition (Kennesaw, Georgia, 1960), 61, 64-66, 73, 84-97, 98-102. Rose singles out the Legion and Company E several times for special mention.

[5]*Ibid.* 84.

[6]Fort Delaware was located on Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River. Federal Writers Project, *A Guide to the First State* (New York, 1938) 472-473,

Cochran, *Blockade Runners of the Confederacy* (Indianapolis, 1958) 152, states that Fort Delaware was about sixteen miles out of Wilmington, Delaware.

[7]S. S. Brown, *The Lone Star Defenders,* Reprint of the 1908 edition (Waco, Texas, 1964), chapters XI and XII.

[8]*Ibid.*

[9]The diary was found in the summer of 1966 in an old, 1829 edition, much worn leather bound Bible belonging to Edward Smith who had enlisted in Newton County in Captain Wm. S. Wilson's 2nd Brigade, General West commanding. According to family legend he was immediately given scout duty for the Confederacy and his official military record confirms the legend. If this be true, he probably carried messages for Captain Brailsford and may have thus come into possession of Brailsford's diary.

[10]Richard Taylor and Kirby Smith were in command of Confederate armies in the Trans-Mississippi region. Clement Eaton, *A History of the Southern Confederacy* (New York, 1954), 208.

[11]In Union Parish about fifteen miles from the Arkansas-Louisiana line.

[12]About thirty-five miles southwest of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

[13]Over 30,000 Confederates had been captured at the fall of Vicksburg. Oscar Cooper, Harry Estill, Leonard Lemmon, *A History of our Country* (Boston, 1895), 388.

[14]*Ibid.*

[15]T. A. Wilson, *Some Early East Texas Families* (Houston, Texas, 1965) 2, 2n.

[16]Map of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Delaware, (Washington, D.C., 1956) Point Lookout is located in the Chesapeake Bay near the mouth of the Potomac River.

[17]President Lincoln, urged by reports of brutal treatment to which Federal soldiers were subjected by the Confederates, issued an order for retaliation on July 30, 1863. See Robert James Belford, *A History of the United States* (New York, 1886), 211.

[18]Major John E. Mulford was a Federal Commander of Exchange, but was well liked by the Confederates. The most infamous Commander of Exchange was "Beast Butler," (Gen. Benjamin F. Butler) who was in charge of Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. See Henry Kyd Douglas, *I Rode With Stonewall* (New York, 1940), 267-270.

[19]On September 22, General Jubal Early had been driven from his defensive position on Fisher's Hill. His next stand was at Cedar Creek, which was the beginning of the end, and for the South the "Valley of Humiliation." *Ibid.*

[20]See note 3 above.

[21]L. E. Daniell, *Personnel of the Texas State Government* (Austin, Texas 1885) 12.

[22]Mr. Harrison Hall, Burkeville, Texas, age ninety when interviewed on October 5, 1966. He remembered Captain Brailsford, also his sisters and brothers.

GUSTAV BUNSEN: A GERMAN REBEL IN THE TEXAN REVOLUTION

Douglas D. Hale Jr.

The Texan Revolution coincided in time with the first great wave of German mass migration to America, and more than one hundred Germans played an active part in the struggle against Mexico.[1] For most of those involved, the role of revolutionary was an unfamiliar one, but there were a few who brought to Texas experience at insurrection which they had gained in Europe. One such man was Gustav Bunsen, whose brief career in rebellion carried him from the Main River of Germany to the Nueces of south Texas. His life as a rebel is the theme of this paper.

Bunsen was born in 1804 into one of the most prominent families of Frankfurt am Main. His father, as Master of the Mint, was a respected figure in the money-minded city, and his eldest brother was well known for his pioneering efforts in progressive education. At twenty-six, Gustav appeared to be carrying on the tradition of a family already highly regarded for its scientific learning.[2] By the summer of 1830, the swarthy, stocky, and intense young man had finished his medical studies at the University of Wurzburg and had transferred to Heidelberg to complete his requirements for the degree.[3] At this point, however, external events began to shape his career.

The French Revolution of 1830 sent a surge of political excitement through all articulate elements of German society, an excitement which reached its peak of intensity among the academic youth active in the *Burschenschaft* movement. This organization had been formed in 1815 to promote the ideals of constitutional liberty and German unity, goals quite inimical to the authoritarian and particularistic structure of the German Confederation. Though the *Burschenschaft* was dissolved by Confederation decree in 1819, political agitation continued in the universities, and the organization was surreptitiously revived. Bunsen played a vigorous and leading role in the *Burschenschaft* at both Wurzburg and Heidelberg. Like many of his comrades who had earlier advocated a program of gradual and moderate reform, he found himself driven toward the extremes of republicanism and revolution by events subsequent to 1830.[4]

The revolution in France was followed by a successful revolt in Belgium and a Polish war of independence against Russia. Bunsen, having earned his medical degree, traveled to Warsaw in the spring of 1831 and served as a surgeon in the Polish army until captured by the Russians. Released after a short imprisonment, he returned to Frankfurt to find it deeply affected by the general spirit of unrest which then pervaded Germany.[5] By the spring of 1832, the murmurs of discontent had risen to a sustained and ominous roar. Serious riots had occurred in Bavaria, Hesse-Cassel, and Saxony, and outright insurrection threatened the monarchs of Brunswick and Hanover. Relaxation of censorship restrictions in southwest Germany had permitted the sudden appearance of a number of radical newspapers which denounced the reactionary policies of Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation with unprecedented impudence. The collapse of the revolution in Poland sent thousands of Polish exiles streaming through

Germany where they were enthusiastically acclaimed as the bearers of "the sacred fire to western Europe."[6] In May, 1832, radical agitation culminated in a mass meeting in the Bavarian Palatinate at which some thirty thousand people appeared to denounce monarchical tyranny and extol republican freedom.

Stung into action by these increasingly bold challenges, the Confederation promulgated its notorious "Six Articles" which sharply curtailed freedom of speech and press and imposed severe restrictions upon the liberal state legislatures of southwestern Germany. Radical leaders were arrested and refractory journalists were jailed. This resort to punitive power convinced many of the most ardent democrats that orderly constitutional reform was no longer feasible; outright revolution seemed the only hope.[7]

Bunsen's home, Frankfurt, was in the midst of the storm. Though it was but one of the thirty-nine separate states in the German Confederation, it had a special significance of its own: it was in Frankfurt that the representatives of the various states met in the Confederation assembly. Moreover, by its very location it dominated the commercial and financial crossroads of central Europe. With only 43,000 inhabitants, Frankfurt was the nearest thing to a capital that Germany had. At the same time, the city lay at the heart of the most radical districts of Germany. Though its government consisted of a solidly conservative mercantile oligarchy, the relative mildness of this regime made Frankfurt a resort of what alarmed minions of monarchical prerogative called "dangerous ultra-liberals, both domestic and foreign, . . . who plot disorder."[8]

Quite in keeping with this reputation, Frankfurt became the headquarters of the Press and Fatherland Society, the most active of the radical clubs. Though formally disbanded by government order, the members of the society continued to meet secretly, and by the fall of 1832 an inner circle within the group was actively preparing the way for revolution. Three personalities dominated the conspiracy: Franz Garth, Gustav Korner, and Gustav Bunsen.[9] Garth was a twenty-eight-year-old Frankfurt lawyer with a penchant for intrigue and "a certain fanaticism in his eyes." He had established contacts with Polish exile leaders in Paris and disaffected officers in the Wurttemberg army. His personality was neither magnetic nor pleasant, but, as one of his fellow conspirators put it, "he could make impossible things appear very probable; . . . being convinced himself, he convinced others."[10] Korner, on the other hand, was a light-hearted and handsome youth in his early twenties who was still studying for admission to the Frankfurt bar. He was the son of a local book dealer, and like Garth and Bunsen, had a record of active membership in the more radical wing of the *Burschenschaft*.

The three ringleaders assiduously cultivated their connections with the student movement, for in its ranks they saw the potential nucleus of a revolutionary army. In August, 1832, for example, Bunsen presided at a "birthday party" for the Grand Duke of Baden held by the *Burschenschaft* at Heidelberg. While the Frankfurt doctor led cheers to a liberated Germany, the besotted celebrants burned the decrees of the Confederation and ceremoniously urinated on the grand ducal colors. By the end of 1832, a substantial number of *Burschenschaft* leaders at six universities had committed themselves to follow the leadership of the Frankfurt conspirators.[12]

In the meantine, Bunsen had been busy at home. In October, he led a demonstration against the Frankfurt police headquarters. Then, when fined fifteen florin for his affiliation with a prohibited club, he refused to pay. Characteristically declining to go along quietly with the police, he was hauled off bodily to jail, where he spent ten days.[13] By the beginning of 1833, Bunsen was ready for rebellion, and the details of a complicated plot were crystallizing in his mind.

Counting on spontaneous support from the Frankfurt populace, the conspirators planned first to capture the two guardhouses in Frankfurt. Cannon were to be seized from the local armory, the inhabitants of outlying villages would add their numbers to the revolt, and the Frankfurt garrison was expected to come over to the rebels. The conspirators were then to arrest the representatives of the Confederation and confiscate their treasury. In France, 380 Polish officers stood ready to join in the fight for the republic, while units of the Wurttemberg army had been suborned into the plot. By simultaneous revolts in Hesse and Wurttemburg, the rebels hoped to split the Confederation and gain control of western Germany. Six prominent liberals would then be named to a provisional government. They in turn were to summon a national constituent assembly which would create a united German nation under a republican constitution.[14] Thus were the outlines of the plot.

As both liaison man and ordnance specialist, Bunsen worked feverishly during the early months of 1833 to turn this ambitious plan into a reality. He visited several universities and summoned the *Burschenschaft* leaders to meet in Frankfurt at the beginning of April. He bought 120 muskets and bayonets, 300 pounds of powder, and a quantity of cartridges and rockets. These, with armbands and a banner in black, red, and gold, he secreted in his quarters at the Mint.[15]

On the first two days in April, thirty students and about twenty young professional men began to assemble in Frankfurt. With this little army of fifty, Bunsen and his fellow conspirators intended to overthrow the German Confederation. The force was split into two platoons: one was to storm the Main Guardhouse at the west end of Frankfurt's business artery, while the other was assigned the task of taking the Constables' Guardhouse at the opposite end of the street. Bunsen assembled the first group on the afternoon of April 2 and informed them of the plan to attack on the following night. Though he painted an optimistic picture of several thousand Frankfurters rushing to join their ranks at the first shot, the students were understandably a bit skeptical. Still, when offered an opportunity to withdraw from the enterprise, none did.[16]

On the evening of April 3, the thirty-three young men assigned to attack the Main Guardhouse met in Bunsen's apartment, where weapons and armbands were distributed. By this time, student indiscretion had violated all the major canons of secrecy, and the Frankfurt authorities were fully informed as to what was afoot. Yet previous false alarms made them complacent; rather than expose themselves to possible ridicule, the city fathers took only minimal precautions. They increased the force assigned to the Main Guardhouse from forty-one to fifty-one soldiers, and assembled the 780-man line battalion in its barracks in case the troops were needed.[17]

These preparations had not gone unnoticed, and Bunsen realized there was little hope of success. Still his ludicrous little army plunged ahead. As one of the young men put it,

> We were all of the firm conviction that even if our step failed . . . we still had to act . . . We were convinced that failure would be but a superficial defeat, for . . . no deed springing from a free, manly, self-sacrificing decision can be denied its intended results.[18]

Promptly at 9:30 p.m., in a downpour of rain, Bunsen led his detachment toward the square in which the Main Guardhouse stood. At the command to charge, he raced ahead into the ground floor of the building. The officer in charge of the guard fled through a window, and the soldiers in the guardroom upstairs were unable to defend themselves; their arms had been stacked on the ground floor. A sergeant was shot, Bunsen and Korner were slightly wounded, but the attackers were soon in control of the building. The whole thing had happened so quickly that opera-goers in a nearby theater remained undisturbed throughout the attack.[19]

Bunsen now appeared before the curious crowd which had gathered in front of the Guardhouse. "Down with the German Confederation! Long live liberty!" he cried, urging muskets on the spectators and calling upon them to join their brothers in rebellion. They merely laughed at him.[20]

Abandoning this unrewarding effort, the young doctor rejoined his squad at the Constables' Guardhouse, six hundred yards down the street. Its garrison of fifteen soldiers had already surrendered to his comrades. While most of the rebels tried vainly to break through the heavy doors of a nearby armory, Bunsen took a dozen men and ran to the Cathedral in the heart of the Old City. According to plan, he was to summon the country people into Frankfurt by ringing the tocsin from the Cathedral tower. And indeed, about seventy-five villagers stood with drum and banner at the north gate, waiting for their signal. Racing up the steps of the tower, Bunsen urged his men "on to the great bell! All the gates are occupied!"[21] But to his acute embarrassment, he did not know how to ring the bell. It had to be struck; pulling the bell rope produced but a weak tone too feeble for the villagers at the gate to hear. They dispersed and went home.[22]

When Bunsen returned to the Constables' Guardhouse he found his friends besieged at the door of the armory by a superior force of Frankfurt troops of the line. The soldiers had already retaken the Main Guardhouse, and though Bunsen called repeatedly to his comrades to stand fast, the revolution rapidly dissolved in the rain. In the space of thirty minutes it had claimed the lives of two rebels, six soldiers, and one innocent bystander.[23]

Bunsen was the last man to escape. Cursing himself for leading the students into a fiasco, he fled exhausted to his brother's home. Though nineteen of the rebels were shortly arrested, Bunsen remained in hiding for five weeks. When the police finally overcame their reluctance to search the homes of Frankfurt citizens and inspected the Bunsen premises, the doctor was able to conceal himself in his sister-in-law's bed long enough to evade his pursuers.[24]

He had long since made up his mind what his next refuge would be: America. One consequence of the rising discontent of recent years had been the emergence of a widespread interest in emigration to the United States. By the spring of 1833 the vanguard of a massive German migration was on its way across the Atlantic and up the Mississippi, inspired by the dream of creating a "new Germany" on the American frontier. Bunsen and his friend and fellow

insurgent, Adolph Berchelmann, slipped out of Germany by way of Strasbourg and joined the exodus.[25]

The two exiles made their way to St. Clair County, Illinois, where a number of their former Frankfurt acquaintances had bought land in the verdant valley of Silver Creek. They took up bachelor quarters with German friends and began the difficult task of adapting themselves to a new land and a new language. In June, 1834, Bunsen's eldest brother arrived with his family. In this party came Augusta Berchelmann, whom Bunsen married upon her arrival.[26] But a rustic domesticity in Illinois held little appeal for the former revolutionary. "This lively spirit," wrote a friend of Bunsen, "can never be without ambitious plans—and he also has the ability to work for their realization."[27] Leaving his bride behind, Bunsen moved to Cincinnati, the newly emerging center of German culture on the Ohio.[28]

That very autumn, events in Texas began to stir the sentiments of the people of the Ohio Valley. Shortly after the outbreak of the Texan revolution against Mexico in October, 1835, General Sam Houston's appeal for volunteers against Santa Anna appeared in the papers, and young Cincinnatians read with interest the offer of the Texan provisional government:

> We invite you to our country—we have land in abundance, and it shall be liberally bestowed on you . . . Every volunteer in our cause shall not only justly but generously be rewarded.[29]

While his fellow citizens of Cincinnati sent two iron cannon to Texas, Bunsen sent himself.[30]

He enlisted in Captain James Tarlton's company of Louisville volunteers and set out for Texas in the middle of November. After a trip down the Mississippi aboard the steamboat *Baltic*, the little band of thirty-six riflemen marched overland from Natchez to Nacogdoches, where they were welcomed like heroes. Bunsen and his fellow volunteers then hurried on toward San Antonio to join the Texans besieging the Mexican army of General Cos. But the company was delayed by swollen rivers, a bit of undisciplined brawling, and a bout of general drunkenness. It was December 27 before the Louisville volunteers arrived at San Antonio.[31]

What Bunsen found there was disappointing in the extreme. In the first place, the fight was over: the Mexican garrison had surrendered more than two weeks before, and most of the Texan colonists who had participated in the successful siege had already gone home. Approximately 460 men, volunteers from the United States for the most part, remained on the scene uncertain as to their next move. In the second place, the nominal government of Texas was hopelessly crippled by a monumental quarrel between Henry Smith, the Governor, and the General Council. Central to the dispute was the disposition of the volunteer force at San Antonio. The Governor, with the concurrence of Sam Houston, commanding general of the army, favored complete independence for Texas and a defensive strategy. The troops should be used to garrison Goliad, they believed, in order to maintain control of the vital supply route from Copano Bay to San Antonio. The majority of the Council, however, still counted upon aid from Santa Anna's liberal opponents in Mexico; their ultimate objective was not the independence of Texas but the restoration of the Mexican Constitution of

1824. As a logical corollary to this end, the Council advocated an offensive march into Mexico, the capture of Matamoros, and a juncture with the liberals south of the Rio Grande. Advocates of the Matamoros expedition argued that by taking the city, Texas would gain control of its port revenues and carry the war to the enemy. The quarrel between Governor and Council soon reached an impasse; Texas was deprived of any effective government at all between the middle of January and the first of March.[32]

Into this vacuum of authority stepped Dr. James Grant and Colonel Francis White Johnson, the most influential proponents of the Matamoros expedition among the volunteers at San Antonio. Grant, a forty-two-year-old Scottish physician, had come to Mexico in 1823. He had acquired extensive and valuable holdings near Parras, Coahuila, but his opposition to Santa Anna necessitated his flight to Texas. He had participated in the siege of San Antonio, and was very popular with the men. Quite naturally, Grant opposed an independence for Texas which would cut him off from his property in the south. As a result he vigorously promoted the drive on Matamoros.[33]

Grant succeeded in winning Johnson, the elected commander of the volunteers, to his project. In his mid-thirties, the ambitious Johnson had come to Texas ten years earlier and became an active leader of the war party prior to the revolution. As a result of his prominent role in the storming of San Antonio, he had succeeded Ben Milam as commander of the volunteers. Johnson successfully frustrated the Governor's attempt to bring these troops under Houston's authority and appeared personally before the Council at San Felipe to promote the Matamoros enterprise. Having authorized the expedition on January 5, the Council ordered Johnson to unite his forces with those of Colonel James W. Fannin at Goliad. Confusion remained, however, as to who was to be in actual command of the expedition.[34]

While Johnson intrigued at San Felipe, Grant led the united body of volunteers to Goliad, the first stage on the road to Matamoros. Arriving on January 9, they found the little settlement deserted; neither Fannin's reinforcements nor the sorely needed supplies had arrived. General dissatisfaction prompted many of the troops to desert, and Bunsen's company was broken up. The doctor enlisted in an artillery company led by Captain Thomas K. Pearson, a New Orleans actor. Here at least Bunsen found a congenial companion. His first sergeant was a young German lawyer, William Langenheim, who had settled on Aransas Bay as a member of Power's and Hewetson's Colony. He had distinguished himself as an artilleryman during the siege of San Antonio and became Bunsen's close friend.[35]

Disillusioned by the ineffectuality of the Texan government and anxious to move on, the volunteers voted to march to Refugio, thirty miles nearer Copano Bay and Fannin's expected point of arrival. There they set up camp in a hunter's paradise abounding in geese, turkey, and deer. But still they received no news, orders, or supplies. The restless volunteers were at the point of moving against Matamoros on their own when, in the middle of January, Sam Houston rode into the Refugio camp.[36]

Though the Council had removed him from formal command over the volunteers, Houston resolved to dissuade the men from what he regarded as a rash and foolhardy venture. Addressing the assembled troops, the general argued with

all the force of his frontier eloquence that the Matamoros expedition would entail "a needless sacrifice of Texan blood for a city which has no value for us and which lies outside the boundary of our territory." It was illusory to hope that significant numbers of Mexicans would support the Texan cause. "Texas," he declared, "must be a free and independent state."[37]

Noting that Houston's speech was having its intended effect on the wavering troops, Bunsen's commanding officer, Captain Pearson, stepped forward to answer the general. He protested that the army had already lain idle too long. "I call upon all of you who are in favor of an immediate departure for Matamoros," he said. "Colonels Johnson and Grant and Major Morris are for the expedition and will participate in it. Once again, let us no longer delay. All who are of my opinion, on to Matamoros by noon today!"[38]

Pearson's rhetorical talents were no match for those of Houston, and only sixty-four men elected to follow the bolder course under Johnson and Grant. Bunsen and Langenheim were among them. That very day the little band set out for San Patricio, the Irish settlement on the Nueces, which lay forty miles nearer to Matamoros. The rest of the volunteers remained at Refugio to await the arrival of Fannin with supplies and reinforcements; in little more than two months, most of these men would die at Goliad.[39]

After leaving Refugio, Johnson and Grant led what amounted to their own private army. Since it was patently too small to realize the Matamoros project by itself, they planned to use it to fortify San Patricio and commandeer horses for Fannin's troops. Arriving in the Irish village on January 22, Bunsen and his comrades scoured and reconnoitered the surrounding countryside. They captured a small force of Mexicans and mounted their two cannon in the town. On February 9, Johnson left a few men behind in San Patricio and pushed on about sixty miles to Santa Rosa Ranch, near present-day Sarita. At this point, Grant took a portion of the men and rode out in search of horses. Returning to Santa Rosa with mounts for more than a hundred men, the Scottish adventurer was ready to go raiding again. But Johnson, realizing by this time that the Mexicans had launched an offensive, was reluctant to risk it. With thirty-four men, Johnson returned to San Patricio, while Grant and the remainder of the force ranged to the southwest toward the Rio Grande and the Camargo ranches.[40]

Reaching San Patricio on February 25, Johnson once again divided his command. About twenty men were quartered in the town, while a dozen were detailed to Julian de la Garza's ranch, three miles distant, to guard the horses so laboriously collected. The horse guard consisted of Bunsen, John Spiess, a young Swiss who had come all the way from Kentucky in his company, and two Pennsylvanians, George Copeland and Phineas Jenks Mahan. William Williams and Edward H. Hufty, in addition to six or seven friendly Mexicans, completed the group. Langenheim was placed in charge. With the onset of a severe norther, the sergeant made his men as comfortable as possible in the corral.[41]

In the meantime, Santa Anna had poised an army of six thousand men on the Rio Grande. General Jose Urrea, commander of the right wing, crossed the river at Matamoros on February 18. With 350 dragoons and Yucatan infantry he moved north in pursuit of the Johnson-Grant party. By the time Johnson returned to San Patricio on the twenty-fifth, Urrea, having missed the Grant detachment in his advance, was only a few miles behind. Though delayed by

rain and the numbing cold which accounted for the death of six of his soldiers, Urrea moved forward with a vanguard of two hundred men and crossed the Nueces above San Patricio. The general first sent a force of thirty dragoons under Captain Rafael Pretalia to attack the horse guards at Garza's ranch. He then fell upon Johnson's unwary volunteers in San Patricio at 3:00 a.m. on February 27.[42]

Pretalia's attack came as a complete surprise to Bunsen and his comrades. Huddled together in the corral, their heads covered against the rain, the Texans were all asleep. The Mexicans fired directly into their midst, wounding Spiess and Hufty. Williams, who succeeded in climbing over the corral, was "literally chopped up" by sabers and lances. As Bunsen struggled clumsily to remove the cover from his rifle, the second volley struck him in the head and chest. The German adventurer died within the day and was buried in the Garza family plot near the banks of the Nueces.[43]

The survivors in Langenheim's squad surrendered and joined those who had been taken by Urrea in the village of San Patricio. Only Johnson and four of his men escaped. Four days later, Grant's detachment was ambushed on Agua Dulce Creek and all but six of him men were killed or captured.[44] Thus ended the ambitious Matamoros expedition, the first in that train of disasters which would culminate in the fall of the Alamo and the massacre at Goliad.

Bunsen's luck, which had carried him through abortive rebellions in Poland and Germany, had run out at last. With the same audacity that inspired the Frankfurt Insurrection, he had thrown himself into the Matamoros expedition. But daring alone, without practical planning and united effort, had proved as futile in Texas as it had in Germany. Thus Bunsen remains one of the many forgotten casualties of revolution. One wishes that he had been spared at least long enough to witness the final act of the Texas drama.

NOTES

[1]M. Tiling, *History of the German Element in Texas from 1820-1850* (Houston 1913), 34-35; R. L. Biesele, *The History of the German Settlements in Texas, 1831-1861* (Austin, 1930), 191-192. German immigration to the United States rose from 6,761 persons in the decade 1821-1830 to 152,464 between 1831-1840. See U.S. Immigration Commission. *Reports* (41 vols., Washington, D.C., 1911), III, 14-21.

[2]*Allgemeine deutsche Biographie* (56 vols., Leipzig, 1875-1912), XLVII, 369; R. Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main (1814-1866)* (3 vols., Frankfurt, 1910-1918), II, 562-563. Robert Wilhelm Bunsen (1811-1899), the father of physical chemistry in Germany, was Gustav Bunsen's cousin, and Christian Charles Josias Bunsen (1791-1860), the noted diplomatist and scholar, was a distant relative.

[3]G. Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft: Die Demagogenzeit* [Vol. X of *Quellen und Darstellungen zur Geschichte der Burschenschaft und der deutschen Einheitsbewegung* (hereinafter cited as *QDGB*] (Heidelberg, 1927), 183; E. Dietz, *Das Frankfurter Attentat vom 3. April 1833 und die Heidelberger Studentenschaft* (Heidelberg, 1906), 7; "Tabellarisches Verzeichniss der deutschen politischen Fluchtlinge, und andere im Auslande befindlicher Verdachtigen,"

Protokolle der deutschen Bundesversammlung (hereinafter cited as *PdB*), 1835, supplement.

[4]Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft,* 183 and *passim.*

[5]Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 563; H. J. Ruetenik, *Beruhmte deutsche Vorkampfer fur Fortschritt, Freiheit und Frieda in Nord-Amerika von 1626 bis 1888* (Cleveland, 1893), 180.

[6]Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 492.

[7]E. R. Huber, *Deutsche Verfassungsgeschichte seit 1789* (4 vols., Stuttgart, 1957-), II, 147-149, 154-161.

[8]Count Golz to Count Bernstorff, Frankfurt, September 28, 1819, quoted in Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 31.

[9]"Berichte der . . . Bun des-Centralbehorde vom 26. Juli 1838," *PdB,* 1839, 717-719; T. J. McCormack, ed., *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner* (2 vols., Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1909), I, 200-202; Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 561-562.

[10]McCormack, *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner,* I, 201.

[11]*Ibid., passim.*

[12]Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft,* 265-266, 281-282; Dietz, *Das Frankfurter Attentat,* 24-26.

[13]Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 538-546, 563.

[14]"Berichte der . . . Bundes-Centralbehorde vom 26. Juli 1838," *PdB,* 1839, 735; McCormack, *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner,* I, 217, 225-226; G. Korner, *Das deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika, 1818-1848* (Cincinnati, 1880), 63-65; W. Prechner, *Der Savoyer-Zug 1834* (Ph.D. dissertation, Bern, 1919), 3-7.

[15]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate aus den wegen der revolutionaren Complotte der neuern Zeit gefuhrten Untersuchungen," *PdB,* 1839, 832-834; Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft,* 295; Dietz, *Das Frankfurter Attentat,* 28-29.

[16]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate," *PdB,* 1839, 837-838; Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft,* 296-298; Dietz, *Das Frankfurter Attentat,* 30-31.

[17]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate," *PdB,* 1839, 839; F. Leininger and H. Haupt, "Zur Geschichte des Frankfurter Attentats," *QDGB,* V (1920), 133-144; Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main,* II, 567-570; *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Augsburg), April 8, 1833.

[18]Korner, quoted in Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft,* 298.

[19]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate," *PdB,* 1839, 839; McCormack, *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner,* I, 227-228; *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Augsburg), April 8, 1833.

[20]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate," *PdB,* 1839, 840.

[21]*Ibid.,* 841-842.

[22]*Allgemeine Zeitung* (Augsburg), April 16, 1833.

[23]"Darlegung der Hauptresultate," *PdB*, 1839, 842; Heer, *Geschichte der Deutschen Burschenschaft*, 301.

[24]"Berichte der . . . Bundes-Centralbehorde vom 26. Juli 1838," *PdB*, 1839, 736; Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main*, II, 575.

[25]Schwemer, *Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt am Main*, II, 563; McCormack, *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner*, I, 275-276; G. L. Neuhoff and A. Berchelmann, Affidavit, Belleville, Ill., May 5, 1856, L. W. Kemp Collection, Archives, University of Texas Library. G. Duden's *Bericht uber eine Reise nach den westlichen Staaten Nordamerikas* (Elberfeld, 1829), with its enthusiastic description of Missouri, had influenced many German intellectuals to come to America. See A. B. Faust, *The German Element in the United States* (2 vols., Boston and New York, 1909), I, 440-441 and M. Walker, *Germany and the Emigration 1816-1885* (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), 60-61.

[26]McCormack, *Memoirs of Gustave Koerner*, I, 286-287; "Das lateinische Settlement bei Belleville, Ill.," *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblatter*, III, no. 2 (April, 1903), 57-58; *History of St. Clair County Illinois* (Philadelphia, 1881), 64-65.

[27]Lottchen Engelmann to Gretchen Hilgard, Engelmann's Farm, Ill., December 8, 1833, Engelmann Papers, Illinois State Historical Library. For the problems confronting Bunsen and his fellow immigrants, see Ada M. Klett, "Belleville Germans Look at America (1833-1845)," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, XL, no. 1 (March, 1947), 23-37.

[28]Neuhoff and Berchelmann, Affidavit, Belleville, Ill., May 5, 1856, L. W. Kemp Collection, Archives, University of Texas Library.

[29]Quoted in E. C. Barker, ed., "Journal of the Permanent Council (October 11-27, 1835)," *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association* (hereinafter cited as *QTSHA*), VII, no. 4 (April, 1904), 273.

[30]E. C. Barker, "The United States and Mexico, 1835-1837," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, I, no. 1 (June, 1914), 5, 7-9; J. E. Winston, "Kentucky and the Independence of Texas," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly* (hereinafter cited as *SHQ*), XVI, no. 1 (July, 1912), 28-34; E. W. Winkler, "The 'Twin Sisters' Cannon, 1836-1865," *SHQ*, XXI, no. 1, (July, 1917), 61-62; *Kentucky Gazette* (Lexington), October 31, 1835.

[31]"Narrative of C. B. Shain of Louisville" and Muster Rolls of Tarlton's Company, H. Davenport, "Texas Volunteers from the United States" (unpublished research collection, Archives, University of Texas), I, 1-3.

[32]R. R. Brown, "Expedition Under Johnson and Grant," *The Texas Almanac, 1857-1873* (Waco, Tex., 1967), 218; W. R. Smith, "The Quarrel between Governor Smith and the Council of the Provisional Government of the Republic," *QTSHA*, V, no. 4 (April, 1902), 312-346; E. C. Barker, "The Texan Revolutionary Army," *QTSHA*, IX, no. 4 (April, 1906), 237-238; H. Davenport, "The Men of Goliad," *SHQ*, XLIII, no. 1 (July, 1939), 8.

[33]H. Ehrenberg, *Der Freiheitskampf in Texas im Jahre 1836* (Leipzig, 1844), 95; R. M. Potter, "The Prisoners of Matamoros," *Magazine of American History*,

III, no. 5 (May, 1879), 274; A. Williams, "A Critical Study of the Alamo and its Defenders," *SHQ*, XXXVI, no. 4 (April, 1933), 259.

[34]R. W. Steen, "Analysis of the Work of the General Council, Provisional Government of Texas, 1835-1836," *SHQ*, XLI, no. 4 (April, 1938), 345-346; E. C. Barker and E. W. Winkler, eds., *A History of Texas and Texans by Frank W. Johnson* (5 vols., Chicago & New York, 1914), I, v-vi, 419.

[35]"Narrative of C. B. Shain," 3; Ehrenberg, *Freiheitskampf*, 74-75, 95-97; Barker and Winkler, *History of Texas and Texans*, I, 419; H. Davenport, "Notes from an Unfinished Study of Fannin and His Men," (unpublished research collection, Texas State Library, Archives Division), 3, 352-353; W. Langenheim, Affidavit, Philadelphia, January 5, 1841, L. W. Kemp Collection, Archives, University of Texas Library; Korner, *Das deutsche Element*, 361-362.

[36]Ehrenberg, *Freiheitskampf*, 97-100.

[37]*Ibid.*, 101, 104. A. W. Williams and E. C. Barker, eds., *The Writings of Sam Houston, 1813-1863* (8 vols., Austin, 1938-1943), I, 337, though citing Ehrenberg's account as their source, place this famous speech of Houston at Goliad. R. R. Brown's account agrees with that of Ehrenberg in stating that Houston's address was delivered at Refugio. See Brown, "Expedition Under Johnson and Grant," 219.

[38]Ehrenberg, *Freiheitskampf*, 102.

[39]*Ibid.*, 105; Brown, "Expedition under Johnson and Grant," 219; Barker and Winkler, *History of Texas and Texans*, I, 419, 427.

[40]P. J. Mahan, Petition, Harris County, Tex., March 16, 1871, box 62, no. 196, Texas State Library, Archives Division; Potter, "Prisoners of Matamoros," 275-276; Brown, "Expedition under Johnson and Grant," 219-220; Davenport, "Notes from an Unfinished Study of Fannin and His Men," 294-301; Barker and Winkler, *History of Texas and Texans*, I, 419-420.

[41]P. J. Mahan, Petition; Langenheim, Affidavit; Davenport, "Notes from an Unfinished Study of Fannin and His Men," 154-155, 257, 459.

[42]J. Urrea, *Diary of the Military Operations of the Division which Under the Command of General Jose Urrea Campaigned in Texas* (Victoria de Durango, 1838), in C. E. Castaneda, trans. and ed., *The Mexican Side of the Texan Revolution* (Dallas, 1928), 211-215. R. M. Potter estimated the size of Urrea's force to be 750 men at the time they crossed the Rio Grande. See Potter, "Prisoners of Matamoros," 276.

[43]P. T. Mahan, Affidavit, Philadelphia, April 28, 1856, L. W. Kemp Collection, Archives, University of Texas Library; Langenheim, Affidavit.

[44]Davenport, "Men of Goliad," 20.

HORATIO GATES LANE

East Texas Teacher, Confederate Captain, and Jurist

JOHN N. CRAVENS

Although the outstanding characters in the development of Texas have been given considerable attention by historians, other individuals have made their contributions in a somewhat less spectacular way and have not received the recognition that they deserve. One such less prominent person was Horatio Gates Lane, who was born in Bedford County, Tennessee, March 21, 1832.[1] His parents were the Reverend Isham H. Lane, born December 27, 1790, and Theodosia Edwards Lane, born February 22, 1798. They were both born in Halifax County, Virginia.[2] Other children of this couple were William, George Washington, Drury, Elizabeth Matilda Rushing, and Susan Lane Wofford.[3] Before migrating to Texas, the Reverend Mr. Lane was a Baptist missionary in Tennessee. William Lane, the eldest son of the preacher, and Joseph C. Rushing, his brother-in-law, came to Texas in 1847 and selected for himself and his father's family a homestead near the town of Jacksonville.[4] When the remainder of the family came to Texas in November 1849, they stopped at the Old Stone Fort in Nacogdoches for approximately a month because of rumors of Indian and Mexican attacks before going on to Jacksonville. The Indians and Mexicans of the area were said to have become allies and were trying to recover lands taken from them by the Anglo-Americans.[5] The Lane family experienced a happy reunion at what became their Jacksonville homestead on Gum Creek, on Christmas Day in 1849.[6]

Reverend Isham Lane resumed his ministerial work at Jacksonville and was successful in spreading the Missionary Baptist faith.[7] He died on February 17, 1859, at the age of seventy, and his wife, Theodosia Edwards Lane, died on June 22, 1888, at the age of ninety. Both were buried in the Old City Cemetery at Jacksonville. Later their son, Drury, and their youngest son, Horatio Gates, were buried near their parents.[8]

Horatio Gates Lane was seventeen years of age when his family migrated to Texas in 1849. By that time he had received for those days a good education which included Latin, Greek, and astronomy. Lane, a distinguished looking person, was five feet, ten inches tall, weighed 185 pounds, and had light complexion and hair. At an early age his hair became quite gray.[9] According to the United States Census of 1850, young Horatio was living at home and listed his occupation as that of a farmer.[10] Horatio later became a teacher and became acquainted with General Joseph Lewis Hogg and his family, who lived near Rusk, and Horatio taught General Hogg's son, James Stephen, his ABC's. At the same time, young Lane, while teaching a private school, began the study of law in General Hogg's law office at Rusk. In 1854, Lane taught a private school just northeast of the original townsite of Rusk.[11]

Lane was admitted to the bar at Athens, Henderson County, Texas, on May 4, 1857. John H. Reagan, later Postmaster General of the Confederate States of America, was one of the examiners.[12]

Shortly after Lane had received his license to practice law, General J. L. Hogg became ill and sent the young lawyer to Fort Worth on his first murder

case. At that time the courthouse was made of mesquite poles and boxing planks without a floor. Lane, without much experience, tried hard to represent Hogg's client and won the case. When he returned to Rusk, General Hogg said to him, "Horatio, you lost the case." Lane replied, "No, I won it and have brought back your fee, one Negro slave."[13]

Lane married Sarah (Sallie) Elizabeth Virginia Hall of Rusk.[14] Born in Mississippi on July 12, 1832, she was the daughter of Sarah (Sally) Edwards of Richmond, Virginia, who came with her slave to East Texas where she met and married a Mr. Hall. Mrs. Hall had one other daughter, Mary or Polly Hall Mantooth.[15] Horatio and Sarah were blessed with a large family of 13 children. Several of them were born at Rusk, including Dr. C. Sidney ("Buddy") Lane on November 7, 1856, Virginia Alma ("Sister") Lane of March 12, 1858, and Mary ("Tina") Lane on May 16, 1860.[16] Other children born to this couple were Horatio Gates, Jr. ("Rachie"), Richard, ("Dick"), Edward ("Eddie"), Samuel ("Sam") Houston, Olena ("Knee"), Lillie ("Little Honey"), Lula ("Doder"), Robert ("Bob"), Clara ("Lottie") and Jessie ("Dabba"). Three of the sons, Sidney, Horatio, and Sam became medical doctors.[17]

According to U.S. Census of 1860, Horatio Gates was practicing law at Rusk and reported his property to be valued at $3500.[18] A short time before the Civil War, he moved to Homer, Angelina County, then the county seat. It was there that the young lawyer bought land on which was located a two-story home, practiced law, and taught a private school until the war came.[19] Lane, who owned but one Negro slave, believed that it was the government's responsibility to protect all private property. While attending to business in Rusk just before the State of Texas seceded from the Union, he heard Governor Sam Houston speak at the courthouse there. The Governor told the group that if Texas seceded from the Union that it would lose all its bonds and would be deep in debt before the close of the war. Houston even predicted that the bark from the trees growing on the square would be stripped and used to dye soldiers' uniforms. Later Lane said that the Houston predictions came true, for the bark was stripped from the trees and the state treasury was empty at the close of the war.[20]

Lane closed his law office at Homer and in February, 1962, enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private in Company D, Twenty-second, Texas Infantry, Holmes Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. His first captain was W. R. Anderson and his first colonel was R. B. Hubbard.[21] When Lane started to leave home for the war, he asked his wife if she would make him one promise, not to marry again should he get killed. The wife replied that she would not make any such foolish promise.[22] Mrs. Lane and her small children endured many hardships during the war. Yankees, bushwackers, and other brigands gave her trouble. She owned a good milch cow which furnished milk for her children. When anyone undesirable approached, she had her Negro slave lead the cow into the woods until the danger passed.[23] There is a story that once Mrs. Lane purchased a sack of corn meal and a sack of salt. The man who delivered them did not find her at home and placed the salt on the damp floor of her kitchen and the meal on top of it. She did not return home that day; but when she used the meal, it was so salty that the family could hardly eat the bread, but they ate it anyway for meal and salt were scarce and expensive during the war. Later, the kitchen, away from the main part of the home, was burned while Mrs. Lane and the children were away. The family never

knew the particulars about who, how, and why the kitchen was burned, but they presumed that the guilty ones ransacked the room before setting it on fire to escape possible detection.[24]

In February, 1864, Lane received permission to raise a company of cavalry for Colonel Scott Anderson's Regiment, which was afterwards commanded by John P. Gordon. Lane was made Captain (Company E) and served with the company until the war closed.[25] On a number of occasions Captain Lane requested furloughs and other types of leaves of absence for men in his company because of illness, hardships, and other troubles at home.[26] Lane's company fought in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, and at the mouth of the Red River in Louisiana, and at Young's Point, Richmond, and Vicksburg.[27]

After the war, Lane returned to Homer to practice law. He must have been successful, as Dr. James Harper Starr of Nacogdoches wrote in January, 1867:

> A Mr. H. G. Lane, a lawyer at Homer, has been mentioned to me as the only one now residing in Angelina County, in the legal profession at all suited as the correspondent, for you and I suppose he is a young attorney who might not be as safe in managing heavy claims as Judge Walker. I contemplate corresponding with him in my land matters and presume you could not do better. And if neither Judge Walker nor Judge Clark will take the note for contingent commission, shall I send it to Mr. Lane?[28]

This successful law practice was interrupted when Radical Reconstruction leaders in Texas pushed aside the Presidential Reconstruction and began a new program. Because Lane refused to take the "Iron Clad Oath" as required by the Second Reconstruction Act, March 23, 1867, he was not allowed to vote or practice law. He felt that he was being imposed upon since all male Negroes could vote. Once while disenfranchised, Lane said that he had fought the North once and would fight them again, if necessary. Being disbarred from his profession, Lane tried to farm, but made a miserable failure of that kind of work.[29] An air of lawlessness prevailed in Angelina County at this time. One night Lane was on his way home from Lufkin when two men on horseback followed him to his home at Homer, and then they rode away. Lane said later that he believed that the men had planned to kill him and that as he rode home he expected to be murdered at any minute. This incident was an experience that he never forgot.[30] Lane gained the friendship and admiration of many East Texans for his stand against Radical Reconstruction.

By this time Lane had a large family to support and it was difficult to make ends meet. Until the end of Radical Reconstruction Lane taught a private school in a house or church and charged each student one dollar a month tuition but he refused to charge students who had lost their fathers in the Civil War.[31] The 1870 Census showed Lane to be thirty-eight years of age and although he gave farming as his occupation the census taker wrote above farming "lawyer." Lane valued his real estate at $1200 in 1870. His wife, Sallie, was now thirty-two years old, the census taker listed eight children in the family. Sidney, thirteen, Alma, twelve, and Mary, ten, had attended school in 1870. Mary was still unable to write. Other children of the Lane couple were Horatio, eight, Eddie, six, Sam, four, Olena, two, and Lillie less than a year old.[32] After Lane's citizenship was restored, he resumed his practice of law at Homer.

As a lawyer Judge Lane had many interesting experiences. Only a few of which will be listed. A man by the name of Thomas lived with a woman and reared several children by her without going through the procedure of legal marriage. Later, after this woman had died, he obtained a license to marry a second woman. Then a second set of children were born and in time Thomas died. It appeared for a time that the second set of children was about to get all their father's property, but Lane, as the lawyer of the first set of children, was able to obtain for them their part of the estate.

On another occasion while Lane was serving as a state district judge, a man stole a horse. The thief picked up a boy who was walking and the two rode down the road for a while. In time the robber told the boy that he had to see a friend and excused himself, leaving the boy with the horse and instructions to meet him later in Crockett. The boy, not knowing the horse was stolen, rode on and was arrested. The boy was convicted and sent to the Texas penitentiary for a long term. Lane became convinced the boy was innocent and drew up and circulated a petition for a pardon. In a short time the boy was released.

Another case brought Lane quite a sum of money. A man was accused of murder and it appeared he could not escape being hanged for the crime. The accused man's family was wealthy and asked Lane to take the case. At first he declined, but the relatives offered such an attractive fee that he felt he could not refuse. Lane told the family that his only guarantee was that the defendant would not be hanged. The man received a two-year prison term and Lane never again experienced financial difficulties. In his practice of law he received much land and once a sawmill in payment for his work, but never retained more than several hundred acres because he preferred to keep his savings in cash.[34]

Once Lane visited the state penitentiary at Rusk with his daughter Mary. The warden invited them to his house for dinner. When they reached the warden's house, they heard that one of the prisoners, who had been sent to prison by Lane, sent word that he would kill him if he could. The dinner was not much pleasure for Mary because of this threat.[35]

Lane not only served as a state district judge, but served as a district attorney of the Third Judicial District of Texas.[36] He also served one term in the Texas State Legislature.[37] A number of young men studied law under Lane and were admitted to the bar. Two of the more prominent were John C. Box, Sr., and Boley O'Quinn.[38] Many years after Lane had moved from Homer, his nephew Drury A. Lane, had business near the former county seat. He decided to ask the first man he saw if he ever knew a lawyer by the name of H. G. Lane. The man's reply was, "Yes, I guess I did as he got me out of stealing some hogs."[39] While Lane was practicing law at Homer, a young man of the area was admitted to the bar and was making a great impression on nearly everybody. A person asked Lane what he though of the promising young lawyer. Lane replied, "Bill knows just enough law to get himself in trouble and go to the penitentiary." This prophecy was correct, for the young lawyer was sent to prison and disbarred from the law above the Justice of Peace Court.[40]

Lane and his family were still living at Homer in 1880. He was now forty-eight and his was was forty-one. His oldest son, Sidney, a dry goods merchant of Wells had married Mary Emma Bailey, Lane's daughter, Alma, twenty-two had married John L. Bailey of the Crossroads community near Wells. They were

living on a farm and had one daughter, Mary Emma, less than a year old. The elder Lane's daughter, Mary, a teacher, was nineteen and still single and living at home. Other children still at home were Horatio, eighteen, Richard, fifteen and sick, Olena, twelve, Lilly, ten, Lula, eight, Robert, six, Clara, four, and Jessie, one. Olena, Lilly and Lula had attended school during the year of 1880.[41]

Lane, a staunch Democrat, was sent to the State Convention of the Democratic Party in Houston in August, 1884. There he was placed on the permanent organization committee.[42]

Lane moved from Homer to Fort Worth in 1892, perhaps because his sons Eddie and Sam Houston had gone there sometime before and either bought or built a saloon. The parents worried about them and decided to move to Fort Worth so that they could urge them to go into what they believed would be a more respectable business. The move must have been successful for soon after the parents had arrived in Forth Worth, Eddie turned their saloon into a bookstore and Sam Houston began the study of medicine. H. G. Lane exchanged his home place at Homer for a home and whole block of land in Fort Worth located on the corner of Henderson and Daggett Streets near the Jacksboro Highway.

Lane and his wife belonged to the Christian Church, but they were very tolerant of the religion of others. Lane said that any religion lived up to was all right. His children and grandchildren became Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists, and some remained with the Christian Church of the Horatio Gates Lanes.[43]

Lane died at his home in Fort Worth on March 3, 1911. The body was brought to Jacksonville on the Cotton Belt Railroad. It was accompanied by four of his daughters, Mrs. Jessie Singletary of Beaumont, Mrs. Lula Garland, and Misses Lena and Clara Lane of Fort Worth. Religious services were conducted by the Reverend F. H. Ford at the residence of Mrs. S. E. Jones. Then the Masonic Lodge ritual and burial took place at the Jacksonville Cemetery. Lane was buried beside his wife Sallie who had preceded him in death on November 20, 1909.[44]

The Confederate veterans of Jacksonville named their camp H. G. Lane Camp Number 614 in honor of their beloved comrade. The author of this article, a great grandson, has met many elderly people of East Texas who knew and spoke highly of Horatio Gates Lane.

NOTES

[1]Mamie Yeary, *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray, 1861-1865* (Dallas, Lamar and Smith, 1912), pp. 420-421; H. L. Bentley and Thomas Pilgrim, *The Texas Legal Directory, 1876-1877* (Austin, Democratic Statesman, 1877), pp. 1-2.

[2]Family Bible of the Drury Lane family now owned by his son Drury A. Lane, Route 1, Jacksonville, Texas.

[3]Interview with Drury A. Lane, April 24, 1966, at his home on Route 1, Jacksonville, Texas.

[4]D. H. Lane, "Early Article Tells of the Naming of Jacksonville," *The Rusk Cherokean*, Rusk, Texas, January 19, 1956. This was a reprint as Drury H. Lane, died on July 26, 1921.

[5]Interviews with Mrs. Emma Bailey Cravens, March 27, 1966, and Drury A. Lane, April 24, 1966; Bentley and Pilgrim, *The Texas Legal Directory, 1876-1877*, pp. 1-2.

[6]An undated newspaper obituary of Drury Lane owned by Drury A. Lane; Old Jacksonville was developed on the site of Gum Creek and was one and one-half miles southwest of present Jacksonville. Jacksonville was reestablished at its present location in 1872 after the construction of the International Great Northern Railroad.

[7]Interview with Emma Bailey Cravens, Wells, Texas, March 27, 1966.

[8]Family Bible of the Drury Lane Family.

[9]Interviews with my grandmother, Alma Lane Bailey many times before her death on December 10, 1917, and with my mother, Emma Bailey Cravens at various times; Mrs. J. L. Cravens to John N. Cravens, December 8, 1946.

[10]U.S. Seventh Census, 1850. (MSS, Returns of the Free Inhabitants of all Counties of Texas, Cherokee County, Microfilm, Midwestern University Library, Wichita Falls, Texas.)

[11]Mrs. Lula Lane Garland to Emma Cravens, November 14, 1946; The U.S. Eight Census of 1860 for Cherokee County, Texas lists Joseph L. Hogg and H. G. Lane on the same page of the report. Hattie Joplin Roach, *History of Cherokee County, Texas* (Dallas, Southwest Press, 1934) pp. 127-128; Hattie Joplin Roach, *Hills of Cherokee County: Historical Sketches of Life in Cherokee County, Texas* (1952 edition), p. 161; Mrs. J. L. Cravens to John N. Cravens, December 8, 1946.

[12]Bentley and Pilgrim, *Texas Legal Directory, 1876-1877*, pp. 1-2. Obituary of Horatio Gates Lane from a Jacksonville newspaper, no date.

[13]Interview with Emma Bailey Cravens, November 28, 1946.

[14]Mrs. Emma Cravens to John N. Cravens, December 8, 1946.

[15]Margie Lane to John N. Cravens, April 6, 1966; Sallie E. V. Lane's tombstone, Jacksonville Cemetery, Jacksonville, Texas.

[16]Tombstones of Dr. C. S. Lane and Mary Lane in Jacksonville Cemetery and tombstone of V. A. Lane Bailey, Mount Hope Cemetery, Wells, Texas.

[17]U.S. Tenth Census, 1880 (MSS, Returns of Angelina County, Texas, Subdivision 8, Microfilm, Midwestern University Library); interview with Jessie Jones Dolan, March 27, 1966; interview with Drury A. Lane, April 24, 1966; Margie Lane, San Angelo, Texas to John N. Cravens, July 14, 1966. Nicknames have been inserted in parentheses and quotes.

[18]U.S. Eight Census, 1860 (MSS, Returns of all the Free Inhabitants of All Counties of Texas, Cherokee County, Beat No. 2, Rusk, Texas, Microfilm, Midwestern University Library.)

[19]Mrs. J. L. Cravens to John N. Cravens, December 8, 1946.

[20]Interviews with Alma Lane Bailey and Emma Bailey Cravens.

[21]Yeary, *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray*, pp. 420-421; this source says that Lane joined the Confederate Army at Hanan, Texas, but the writer believes that this is a typographical error; obituary of H. G. Lane.

[22]Interviews with Alma Lane Bailey and Emma Bailey Cravens.

[23]Interview with Jessie Jones Dolan, March 27, 1966.

[24]Mrs. Emma Cravens to John N. Cravens, April 19, 1966.

[25]Yeary, *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray*, p. 421.

[26]James H. Starr Papers, 1861-1965, University of Texas Archives, Austin.

[27]Yeary, *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray*. p. 421.

[28]Jas. H. Starr to C. R. Johns and Company of Austin, January 31, 1867, Letterbook F. No. 2, James H. Starr Papers, University of Texas Archives.

[29]Interviews with Alma Lane Bailey and Emma Bailey Cravens.

[30]Interview with Jessie Jones Dolan, March 27, 1966.

[31]Obituary of H. G. Lane, cited above.

[32]Interview with Emma Bailey Cravens, March 27, 1966.

[33]U.S. Ninth Census, 1870 (MSS, Returns of Town of Homer, Angelina County, Texas, Microfilm, Midwestern University, Wichita Falls, Texas).

[34]Interviews with Emma Bailey Cravens; Mrs. Emma Cravens to John N. Cravens, December 8, 1946.

[35]Interview with Jessie Jones Dolan, March 27, 1966. Mary was the mother of Jessie Jones Dolan. Mary's first husband was Joe Wright and her second husband was Ed Jones.

[36]Bentley and Pilgrim, *The Texas Legal Directory*, 1876-1877, p. 2.

[37]Interview with Jessie Jones Dolan, March 27, 1966; the writer was unable to substantiate this information.

[38]*Ibid.*; interview with Emma Bailey Cravens.

[39]Interview with Drury A. Lane, April 24, 1966.

[40]Interview with Mrs. Emma Bailey Cravens.

[41]U.S. Tenth Census, 1880 (MSS, Returns of Schedule No. 1 of Cherokee and Angelina Counties of Texas, Microfilm, Midwestern University, Wichita Falls, Texas.)

[42]*Dallas Herald*, August 21, 1884, p. 1, Column 3.

[43]Interview with Emma Bailey Cravens, April 24, 1966, November 23, 1967.

[44]Obituary of H. G. Lane; tombstone of Sallie E. W. (Pink) Lane in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

5:Vr

Stephen F. Austin Letters

Maria Grace Ramirez

The East Texas collection in the Paul L. Boynton Library on the Stephen F. Austin campus has a number of original Stephen F. Austin letters. These letters were presented to the library on August 16, 1946, by Miss Mary Louise Girand in behalf of her mother, Mrs. Charles W. Girand, and her aunt, Miss Nell Kittrell, both of Houston. The letters had been among the papers of Miss Girand's grandfather, Norman Goree Kittrell.

In comparing the original letters with the published letters of Stephen F. Austin, it was found by Maria Grace Ramirez that at least one Austin letter was not included in the *Austin Papers* which were edited by Eugene C. Borner. The unpublished letter was written to Samuel M. Williams and is dated May 22, 1832.

Victoria, 70 Leagues from Tampico, 22 May 1832

Dear Sir. I arrived here today in company with Mason—Everything is quiet in this place—The Legislature have returned to their duty and are trying to undo the harm they did in March—I called on [General Mora] who is in command in this place—he informs me that Genl. Teran approached the fortifications at Tampico on the 14 inst. with a few men and sent in a flag with a proposition for a parley—The offer was rejected, and the batteries fired six cannon charged with grape shot at the Genl. and his party of troops, and killed three soldiers, one officer, and wounded a number—Some of the killed fell within a few feet of the Genl. who had a narrow escape—It is expected by some that Tampico will be taken by [storm] in a few days—others think that it cannot be taken in that way, or if it is, that there must be a great slaughter—I shall go on tomorrow, and may see, a new sight, to me, a battle, or a city stormed—

I sent you from Saltillo all the necessary papers to perfect the titles for the land granted to the Aguirres and requested you to proceed to locate it—on reflection I think that at least one third can be located to advantage in one body up the San Jacinto—and wish you to employ some one to examine the land on that river—I mean high up, that is six or seven miles above the Tuscasite road tho if the land is good, the nearer the road the better—I fear there will be a difficulty about the tract on the west of the Colorado, for I learned the day I left Saltillo that that Colony had been granted to a company of Mexicans in Mexico—The tract on the east side of the Colorado has no good land except a small prairie adjoining Tannihills upper line—I do not know how the land is back from the river on the head of Walnut Creek, but think it is not very good—I will however take that tract it will be a good stock farm and a healthy place—If the tract in the forkes of Onion creek & the river cannot be had, you can let [one] of the grants remain unlocated until I return—I prefer having them all in one body, that is each grant in one body, than to separate them, and I think a good location may be had up the San Jacinto to bound on the tracts already granted on the west, and on the river on the east which will of necessity give a long front on the river—This land costs me very dear and I must have it well located or I shall loose by the purchase

I hear a report here that there has been a difficulty in Galveston Bay with a vessell & [that] three soldiers killed—but I hope it is not so—In all my other letters I have urged the necessity of preserving good order, harmony & peace, all over Texas. I can assure the people there, that it is more important for their future prosperity to be in harmony with all the officers of govt. at this time, than at any former period and you must spare no pains to impress this fact on them all

From Altamira I shall go to Matamoros whether I will return to Texas, from there, or go to Saltillo will depend on cercumstances. This climate is very hot— Tell McKinny that his old friend Floris is here, he is now a Captain—

remember me to all

Yours &c

S.F.A.

EAST TEXAS

C. K. Chamberlain

This story of the Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church was written by Miss Virginia Knapp of Henderson. Miss Knapp has relied on a booklet written by Mrs. Mary Franklin (Deason) Dunn, *A History of the Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church*,[1] and on an article in the August 6, 1968 issue of the *Henderson Daily News*.

Miss Knapp writes that:

> On August 6, 1868, fifteen members organized the Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church at a meeting in a log building twelve miles south of Henderson and between Minden and Brachfield. On the same day 100 years later, August 8, 1968 the congregation of 167 members and four of the ten pastors celebrated its centennial with special services and lunch "on the grounds."
>
> The history of the church has been preserved in a small booklet, *History of the Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church*, by Mrs. Mary Franklin (Deason) Dunn, a book which was the highlight of the celebration. Mrs. Dunn, a great-grandaughter of one of the charter members, is active in the Rusk County Survey Committee and Rusk County Heritage Association.
>
> During the one hundred years, ten men have served as pastors: Reverend John Sparkman, 1868-1882; Reverend William H. H. Hays, 1883-1889; Reverend J. F. McLendon, 1890-1905; Reverend J. A. Long, 1906; Reverend E. E. Jones, 1907-1928; Reverend H. M. Allen, 1929; Reverend W. G. Griffith, 1933-1939; Reverend W. A. Simmons, 1940-1957; Reverend J. W. Griffith, 1958-1965 (son of W. G. Griffith); and the present pastor, Reverend H. E. Rhodes. The last four pastors were present to speak at the 1968 services.
>
> The church has occupied three structures, a log cabin in which the Reverend John Sparkman was both the first and last to preach. The land for the church was donated by church members, including Augustus Ferguson, John M. Welch, Raymond Carrol Saxon, and Faye Saxon Brady. A description of the log church has been preserved in the church records. It was a typical mud-chinked log church and was heated by a stick and mud chimney. The few windows had no panes, but they were covered by wooden shutters.

[1]Mrs. Dunns' book was printed by the Decker Printing Company, Henderson, Texas.

The log building was allowed to rot away when the membership built a new frame building across the road from the original structure and the congregation occupied it in 1880.

The second building occupied by the Zion congregation.

This frame building of 1880 is remembered today by older members of today's congregation as a large, two-aisle, center-supported auditorium. Wooden shutters were on the many paned windows. There were four doors and an enclosed pulpit, which was replaced with a smaller podium in later years. The "amen" corner was to the left side of the pulpit where deacons and other men of the church sat.

The second building as it appeared when it burned.

The ladies sat on the right side. This building burned on Sunday morning, February 7, 1943, as a result of a faulty flue. Members who were gathering for services saved the furnishings although the building was destroyed. The hand-

hewed benches are now used on the church grounds, and a hand-made desk-table made by John Deason also was saved and is still in use in the church.

Following the fire in 1943, donations were taken to build another new church, a tile structure, where the hundredth celebration was held this August. Since the church members did not believe in buying on credit, each room was completed as the money was raised or donated. Reverend W. A. Simmons was the pastor at the time of the dedication service for the new church and Reverend A. D. Sparkman, son of the church's first pastor, led the special service.

The Zion Hill Baptist Church as it appears at the present time.

Noted as one of the few strongholds left for Sacred Harp singing, Zion Hill may have acquired its love of singing in 1869 when one of its deacons was authorized by the board to buy one hymnal. The members learned the words to the hymns by repeating after a leader.

Sacred Harp or shape note singing is true folk singing, tracing its origin back to Shakespeare's Elizabethan England. Another name for Sacred Harp is "Fasola" singing, a name taken from the system of solmization prevalent in sixteenth and seventeenth century England. The position of notes on the scale is signaled by four specific shapes easily distinguished by the as "fa", "so", "la" and with a "mi" thrown in. In this singing there is no predominant part, although one part does carry the melody. A chord is sounded and the first sing-through is in solmization. This is followed by the actual singing of the hymn. The Sacred Harp is always a cappella, and Zion Hill still holds "annual day", the third Sunday in June, as "all day singing and dinner on the grounds." Lovers of the Sacred Harp singing throughout the East Texas area attend to hear or sing the old songs that their ancestors sang.

Although Sacred Harp singing has continued to the present, the Zion Hill Church began to modernize its musical service by the purchase of a dozen hymnals in 1883 and by adding a piano in the last sixty years.

At the August, 1968, celebration many people from the surrounding area attended and many of these people could be classified as older citizens. The oldest person present at the celebration and the oldest in membership was Mrs. Beatrice Cates, who has been a member of the church since 1900.

Membership and services have increased to include church every Sunday. All members during the one hundred years have been catalogued alphabetically by Mrs. Dunn in her history of the church.

The small church continues to serve a third, fourth and fifth generation of members as its dignity has increased through one hundred years of service to God and to mankind.

The Bradley House

The History Club of Fairfield has purchased and restored the Bradley House. This was a tremendous undertaking and at times the most enthusiastic club members were almost ready to give up the task.

The restoration committee consisted of:

Mrs. H. B. Steward, Chairman
Mrs. C. N. Williford, Co-Chairman and President of the History Club
Mrs. H. D. Whitaker, Secretary
Mrs. T. R. Bonner, Treasurer
Mrs. Edward Parker
Mrs. H. L. Woodridge
Mrs. A. H. Bass

A successful financial project of the club was the establishment of a "thrift shop". The shop was kept open only on Fridays and Saturdays and sold cakes, candy, historical plates of the old Val Verde Cannon of the Civil War vintage, and some two hundred and fifty copies of *Fair Haven* were also sold. *Fair Haven* is a history of Freestone County and was written by Bradley Jefferson who was born in the Bradley House. The History Club also sold its old club house for $7,000.00 which sum was added to the purchase and restoration. Donations were solicited from friends and memorials from pioneer families for family members who had passed away. An unusual harvest dinner held near Thanksgiving also proved profitable. A local bank was generous with a loan. Altogether the club has an investment of over $45,000.00 in the Bradley House and its furnishings.

Ray Benefield, of San Augustine, served as consultant and contractor, and Mrs. Steward says working with Mr. Benefield make the restoration "a very pleasant task."

The Freestone County Historical Survey Committee with Llewellyn Notley Chairman, also gave the History Club valuable assistance.

The dedication program was held Sunday, September 29, 1968.
Master of Ceremony—H. D. Whitaker, Member of Freestone County Survey Committee

Band Concert—Fairfield High School Band, W. J. Buchanan, Director

Invocation—Dr. Frank Dent, Houston

Introduction of Guests—Master of Ceremony

History of the Bradley House—Mrs. H. B. Steward, Chairman of Restoration Committee

Introduction of Speaker—Mrs. Frank Covert III, Member of Texas State Historical Survey Committee, Austin

Address—F. Lee Lawrence, President of Texas Historical Foundation, Tyler

Unveiling of Marker—Mrs. Mary Northern, Granddaughter of Builder of Bradley House, Galveston

Benediction—Rev. Don Willis, Pastor of the First United Methodist Church, Fairfield

The Bradley House since restoration.

As a part of the dedication program Mrs. H. B. Steward gave the history of the Bradley House:

The history of the Bradley House, the pioneer families connected with it and its fables are interesting, although I shall attempt to be as brief as possible. The house deserves much more than I will say and should properly have been called the Moody-Bradley House.

The Bradley House Marker

According to records available to us, this stately old home was built in the summer and fall of the year 1860. At the time, Fairfield was a young and thriving town, cotton was king, living was easy and the future held great promise.

In 1860, Freestone County was considered one of the wealthiest counties of our State. According to one of the early editions of the *Texas Almanac*, in the year 1860, slaves were assessed for taxes at a greater value than was the real estate of the county. In those early days, in this area, Fairfield too was the center of culture. Being the county seat there were a number of lawyers, doctors, teachers and wealthy landowners among its citizens. There was a college for young women known as Fairfield Female College which was founded in the year 1858, having been financed and maintained by private funds donated by citizens of the area. Many daughters of old families of the South, particularily during the War Between the States, were sent here to be educated and, too, to be safe and far from the battles and the many hardships of the war. It is interesting to note that the year 1860 was an election year and what is more interesting is that this was the year Abraham Lincoln won the nomination and was elected President of the United States.

If only old houses could talk, and some say that they do, in a way, much time and work would be saved that is spent in research that is necessary to ascertain the original owners and builders, subsequent owners and their family histories. When the Fairfield History Club embarked on its project of purchasing and restoration of the house we were certain that Captain L. D. Bradley had built it. We had heard of his fame and gallantry at the Battle of Vicksburg during the Civil War, his fame as a lawyer and district judge and leader in all worthy affairs of the area. We had also learned much about the prominence and outstanding character and citizenship of other members of his family. It has actually been the Bradley House for almost a century, this being the ninety-ninth year, and 1969 will complete the century, although it was built in 1860 as we will see from the following investigations and records.

When negotiating for purchase of the property we began interviewing old timers, among who were Dr. Billy Sneed, Mrs. Ross Bell, Mrs. Lee Kirgan, Mr. Ed Riley and George Proctor, a Negro who is a fine and reputable citizen of our town. All remembered Mrs. Matt Bradley who lived here alone in the house for many years, but no one remembered her husband of her family. We began to suspect that she was not Captain L. D. Bradley's widow, but WHO WAS SHE?—And how did she acquire this house? When talking with George Proctor, who had lived nearby when only a small boy, he told me 'Mrs. Steward, the onliest way you can find out about the Bradley House is from the Black and the White'.

Since we had received only a partial abstract from the former owner we found it necessary to make a search for the records of wills, deeds, marriage license and court proceedings, a new experience for me. With the able assistance of Mrs. Bess Cely, chief clerk in the local abstract office, I soon was reading the last Will and Testament of Frank M. Bradley which read: 'I hereby give and devise to my beloved wife Martha E. Bradley, the homestead tract of land on which I now reside at Fairfield, Texas, being a part of the I. H. Reed League in the N.E. corner of the same and containing 27-8/10 A.' A search was then made for earlier ownership of the property and a deed was found from W. L. Moody, of Galveston, to F. M. Bradley, dated June, 1869, conveying this same property for a consideration of $2,800 in gold. Further search revealed a deed from Abner H. Reed to W. L. Moody, dated May, 1860, conveying the property for a consideration of $520.

Records of the county are proof that land in this area was selling at from three to five dollars per acre and since W. L. Moody only paid $520 for the 27-8/10 acres we assumed there was a small dwelling on it. Since the property had increased in value from $520 to $2,800 in gold in the short period of nine years, is conclusive proof that the Bradley House was actually 'built by W. L. Moody. However, since title to the property remained in the Bradley name from 1869 till the year 1918, it has been known, as previously stated, as "The Bradley House'.

Builder of the house, William Lewis Moody, or W. L. Moody as he was known in business circles, was born in Essex County, Virginia, near Richmond, in the year 1828. His granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Moody Northen—who is here today—has told me something of his early life and how he happened to come to Texas, a most interesting thing to relate and I am sure all of you will enjoy its telling. He was one of thirteen children, whose parents having died within a year of each other, while the children were yet young, were taken over to be reared by his father's sister, Miss Nancy Ann Moody. With hard work and determination Moody was graduated from the University of Virginia. After graduation from the University he soon left his home state to seek his fortune and while traveling by boat to New Orleans he met a friend from Mississippi, who, also, was traveling south, with plans to come to Texas. At the time, he had not made up his mind on where he might locate. His family thinks he probably would have remained in New Orleans had he not found the heat and mosquitoes so unbearable, so his friend had little trouble in persuading him to go to Texas. They came by boat to Galveston Island, this being the year 1852. While there they heard of the wonders of Dallas, Texas, a favorable location and with great opportunities for those who cared to come there. They immediately made plans to start for that city—stopping in Houston, at a hotel where the rooms were divided by thin partition walls that did not reach to the ceiling. Their night's sleep was broken by the loud snoring of a man in an adjoining room. Being unable to sleep, on account of the loud snoring, Mr. Moody's friend knocked on the wall, waking the snoring man, who let them know he was very angry about being disturbed. The next morning while in the lobby Mr. Moody's companion spoke again of the snoring man's anger, and while Mr. Moody was out at the well, back of the hotel, washing up for breakfast, he heard a shot in the lobby. He immediately returned to the lobby to find his friend had been shot to death by the angry man. He was shocked, alone, with very little money and far from home, family and friends. He remarked 'I heard a small Negro boy singing *Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny* and with all my heart I wished I were there with my brothers and sisters and Aunt Nancy.'

However, he had made up his mind to go to Dallas, so he bought a horse and headed that way, stopping for a while in Centerville to let his tired horse have a much needed rest, continuing then on to Fairfield where his horse died. Having stopped at a hotel on the courthouse square and without a horse he asked questions about the land, the countryside and its people. Here he met a Mr. Witte who asked him to join him in the practice of law and the law firm of Witte-Moody was formed. It was not long before he discovered his new partner, Witte, could neither read nor write, so it was not long before a dissolution of the partnership took place. Looking around at the possibilities here, he decided on going in to merchandising and opened a store.

It was not long before his brothers and sisters and Aunt Nancy moved to Fairfield. His brothers joined him in business under the name of W. L. Moody and Brothers, as the papers of that day testify. Mr. Moody was active in the politics and civic affairs of the county and

town and was a leader in the organization of Fairfield Female College in 1858-59.

The 1860 census of Fairfield shows: 'W. L. Moody, age 32, Merchant, Value of Real Estate $2750.00, Value of Personal Property $2000.00. Born in Virginia–Married within the Year 1860'. It also showed 'P. Elizabeth Moody–Female–Age 21–Born in Alabama–married within the year 1860'. The Freestone County marriage license record book shows W. L. Moody and P. Elizabeth Bradley were married January 19, 1860.

P. Elizabeth Bradley, Lizzie as she was called, was one of eleven children. She came to Texas with her father, Francis Merriwether Bradley, and five brothers about 1854. Her brothers were F. M. Bradley, Jr., L. D. Bradley, George Bradley, Thornton Boykin Bradley and William Nicholas Bradley.

Before I tell you more of F. M. Bradley's Family I think you should be told more about the Moodys and their life in this house.–In May, 1860, after the marriage of W. L. Moody and Lizzie Bradley in January of that year he bought this property and built this house for his bride. Their first child, Victoria, was born November 24, 1860. In the fall of 1861, Moody organized a company of volunteers to fight for the South. His company was the first Freestone County soldiers to see action in the war. Wounded in battle in 1863 he was returned home and in 1864 was sent to Austin and assigned to post duty there until the war ended.

There was sorrow at home in Fairfield. His daughter, Victoria had died in 1863, and also there was an infant stillborn. In 1865 Colonel W. L. Moody returned home to his family. His son, W. L. Moody, Jr., had been born in January of that year. This son gave him hope and inspiration that helped blot out the horrors of the war and death of his daughter, Victoria, but he found his business gone and there seemed little prospect in the future here. Slaves were freed and the wealth of the area depleted. It was then that he decided to move to Galveston which had become an important seaport and there he moved with his family in the spring of 1866. This proved to be a wise decision as he became very wealthy and one of the foremost business leaders in the Southwest. In June, 1869, he sold the Fairfield Home to his father-in-law, F. M. Bradley, for $2800.00 in gold. The first wife of F. M. Bradley, Zillah Pherabe Goldsby, died in Virginia in 1852. She was the mother of Lizzie Bradley Moody and her five brothers who came to Texas with their father.

Either just before or soon after coming to Texas, about 1854 he was married to Rebecca E. Bradley. No children were born of this marriage and she died here in September, 1870. Her portrait, painted by an artist in New Orleans, was returned to this house the past Thursday through the generosity of Dr. and Mrs. Frank M. Covert, III, of Austin.

Bradley later marrier Martha E. Bradley, who survived him for many years. From an article in the Fairfield Recorder we find the following;

'He was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the County's history in the early days, and his descendants have been and are among the best people in the County'. From the State Archives in Austin we find in the 1860 census of Fairfield that he was a farmer with real estate valued at $15,910 and possessed personal property value at $70,000.

The surviving widow of F. M. Bradley, Martha E. Bradley, who was usually called and referred to as Miss Matt and later as Grandma Bradley, continued to live in this house up to three or four years of her death in 1913. Probably because she was lonely, although she had ample income otherwise, she kept music teachers and school teachers. She raised chickens and turkeys, kept a beautiful yard, full of roses, various shrubs, flowering bulbs and trees. As she grew older she hired others to manage her properties and keep her yard and the premises beautiful. One such young man was Walker Carter Jefferson. The Jeffersons were a young, recently wed couple. Miss Matt persuaded them to live with her as she wanted their companionship, they being of prominent families. They were not related but evidently much attached to her for when their son was born there, they named him Bradley Carter Jefferson, so another successful and prominent man was born in this house. Some of you probably knew Bradley Jefferson and I know many of you here today knew of him. He loved his native state, where he lived all of his life with the exception of a few years.

This love for his state and close association with rural life in his early years, no doubt, accounts for the warm poetry with which he colors his native state and described its rural people of that day in the extremely interesting book *Fair Haven* which so vividly depicts the early life in Freestone County. At the time of writing this book Mr. Jefferson was Chief Editorial writer, Associate Editor and Member of the Board of Directors of *Dallas Times Herald*. He was on the staff of the *Times Herald* from 1919 till 1962. His wife, Kay who has made a substantial contribution to us in the restoration of this house is here with us today. In addition she has given 250 copies of *Fair Haven* to sell to help our fund. Her son, Dr. Alfred Carter Jefferson, is an associate professor at Rutgers University. Her daughter Emily lives in New York, where she has her own teen repertory theater and directs youth classes at the American Music and Drama Academy.

After the Jeffersons moved away Miss Matt was indeed very lonely, this house at that time being in the country and surrounded by a wooded area. The house had become a burden and she had grown old. We do not know the exact year, but some three or four years before her death in 1913, she went to Corsicana with a step-niece, who had come to visit her, evidently expecting to return here after a short visit. The days grew into weeks and the weeks into years without her returning to live in the house. Some say she did return a time or two, but only to see that it was still here. This leaving, for what appears to have been for only a short visit, accounts for the fact, that for many years an open sugar bowl, dishes and silverware were left on the table, clothes thrown on the back of chairs and a bonnet hanging on a bed

post. The closed house soon caught the interest of the young people of the town. They played here, in and around it, read books from the fine library and some studied here. Others looked for ghosts and listened for spooks, for it was firmly believed by many that it was haunted. To them every movement of the curtains and trees and the flapping wings of birds that came in through broken windows proved that surely something here was unusual. Many nights, according to some, dim lights could be seen in the dining room. Speculation about the owner of the house was an interesting topic of conversation.

Well, the yard grew up in weeds, vines took over the shrubbery, fences and trees. Much of the beautiful furniture and smaller things disappeared.

Mrs. H. B. Steward

In 1918 the house was sold outside the Bradley family, first to L. C. Kirgan, who sold to Jim Swinburn, who sold to L. L. Coleman from whom the History Club bought it last year.

I can not close without telling something about the Club's wishes to buy and restore this house in order to preserve it and its history for future generations. Most of us were anxious, a few thought it was too great an undertaking. We already owned a club house and were moving along in our routine club years, having interesting programs, contributing to many civic activities and assisting in the educational and cultural phases of our community. Therefore, it was with mixed emotions that we approached the huge task of purchasing and restoration. I felt a great responsibility, I truly felt that I might be over-persuading my fellow club members into a project that would take years to complete, if ever. Although C. N. Williford, husband of our club president, so generously had given us $1000.00 needed for the earnest money, still we were skeptical of our ability to handle it. In fact we were about to the point of giving it up when we received a most needed boost from some of our friends who were visiting here, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Bolton. When they saw the house and heard of its historical interest, they insisted that it was a project so worthy that it just should not be dropped. Mr. Moore made a substantial financial contribution and Mr. Bolton assumed responsibility for having all of the legal work done gratis in setting up the foundation and making it both tax free and for contributions being deductible for income tax reports. Mr. Moore is the immediate past President of the North American Division of Mobil Oil Corporation, New York, and since his recent retirement is living in Austin. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are here with us today.

Mr. Bolton, a Vice President of Mobil Oil Corporation, is now living in Houston, would have been here today with Mrs. Bolton, had it not been for the fact that she is confined to a hospital. Mr. Charles B. Wallace, Associate General Counsel of Mobil Oil Corporation, Dallas, who also aided us in the complicated legal matters involved, is here today with Mrs. Wallace. I felt compelled to mention and introduce these people because of the great inspiration they gave us at a time we needed it most.

To Mrs. Mary Moody Northen, we owe so, so, much. For without her generous New Year's Gift, and a further contribution from the Moody Foundation, we could not have started the restoration and come this fast, toward its completion.

In conclusion to say that we are so proud of what has been accomplished to this time, and also for the encouragement and generous assistance given us by many others, who time does not permit being named, would be the understatement of the year.

SAN AUGUSTINE

The San Augustine County Historical Society presented for the second year, the 250th Anniversary Pageant commemorating the 250th anniversary of the founding of San Augustine. The 1968, pageant was presented at Wolf Stadium the evening of May 31 and June 1.

Sam Malone writes in the May 30, 1968, issue of the *Rambler* as follows:

> A gala weekend of a downtown parade, two performances of the Anniversary Pageant, and Annual Tour of Historic Homes will come to San Augustine beginning Friday and continuing through Sunday afternoon.
>
> Each of the events scheduled could carry a major attraction label with the "biggest and best ever" assured for crowds expected and performances presented.
>
> The Downtown Parade will come Friday at 5 p.m. followed by a full night of fun and drama at Wolf Stadium beginning with an Old Fiddler's contest at 7 p.m. At 7:45 p.m. the candidates for the Beard-Growing Contest will be presented followed by the first of two performances of the Historical Pageant—"San Augustine On El Camino Real for 251 Years." A cast of more than 300 will be featured in the stirring drama which is history in the oldest Anglo-Saxon City in Texas.
>
> It was here that the first Spanish Fathers came to establish the Mission Dolores de Los Ais in 1717. Reason for the location by the Catholic church of Spain was for a buffer against French invasion of the new territory from east of the Sabine River.
>
> Mission Dolores de los Ais became the end link of a chain of missions reaching down through San Antonio and on to Mexico City via the now-historic El Camino Real.
>
> The dramatic story of the changes in the 251-year history of San Augustine on the King's Highway has been written by Mrs. Nelsyn Wade and Mrs. Bob Roper. The colorful script portrays the various roads that have affected San Augustine over the centuries. Beginning with The Indian Trace and followed by The Way of Missionary Zeal, the scenes follow including The Traders' Track and The King's Highway.
>
> Portraying many of the characters in the history of San Augustine are direct descendants of the leaders who played such an important role in establishing the Republic and later the State of Texas.
>
> The Historic Pageant is sponsored by the San Augustine County Historical Society and is directed by Mrs. Nelsyn Wade. Mrs. John Oglesbee Jr., is assistant director and Mrs. Roper is the performance director.
>
> 'We wish to extend a cordial and hearty Texas welcome to all visitors to San Augustine this weekend,' Dr. C. R. Haley said. Dr. Haley is president of the Historical Society and general chairman for the show.

On the steering committee for the Pageant are J. H. Oglesbee Sr., chairman, Dr. Haley, Bryan J. Butts, R. A. Cooper, Sam Malone and Mrs. Roper.

Organist for both Pageant performances is Jason Summers of Nacogdoches, who will correlate the pageant events to music of the periods with special sound effects on his show organ.

One of the highlights of the annual Pageant is the crowing of the Pageant Sweetheart which will come Saturday evening. The Sweetheart candidates must be 70 years young and are sponsored by organizations in the city. Sponsors and candidates include: Thursday Bible Club, Mrs. E. J. Skillern; San Augustine Garden Club, Mrs. D. C. Cole; Iris Garden Club, Mrs. V. T. Polk; Daughters of the Republic of Texas, Mrs. Lamar Blount (deceased); Beta Sigma Phi Sorority, Mrs. Jno. Payne; Heritage Woman's Club, Mrs. G. W. Woods; Band Boosters Organization, Mrs. Josie Whitton; Parent-Teacher Association, Mrs. Margaret Wade; San Augustine Study Club, Mrs. Jno. D. Clark; and Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. John Thompson.

The annual Sweetheart is selected by drawing the winner from among the candidates. Crowning of the "Sweetheart of San Augustine" will be by R. N. Stripling, longtime business professional leader and former county judge. Last year Judge Stripling had the delightful pleasure of crowning his companion, Mrs. Stripling, whose name was drawn.

The Toledo Bend Reservoir and Cultural Historical Society is a comparatively new but a very ambitious organization. W. M. Pierson, M.D. of Natchitoches, Louisiana is serving as president. A meeting will be held at the Hodges Garden Motel at Many at seven p.m. December 7, 1968, for the purpose of completing the organization.

The Toledo Bend Reservoir and Cultural Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to the development of the area to its vast historical potential so that the area might receive the national recognition that it deserves. The organization pledges its complete cooperation with all existing organizations in the Toledo Bend Reservoir area whose aims and purposes are to locate, restore, and preserve the history and culture of the area.

Dr. Pierson is of the opinion that if something is not done immediately that many historical sites, legend and natural scenery will be destroyed by commercialization.

Application for membership in the society may be made by an application sent to 200 Front Street, Natchitoches, Louisiana, 71457. Individual membership is five dollars a year. There are several different business memberships depending on the size of the business. Dr. Pierson has said that the restoration and the preservation that the society has in mind are of such magnitude that it will take two life-times to accomplish them.

This is an important organization and deserves the support of the people of East Texas and Western Louisiana.

Regimental histories are a great necessity in the field of Civil War Study and research. They fill in the gaps between the books dealing with major battles and campaigns. They help to give a clear picture of the chain of command involved in major decisions. More important, they show a true picture of the men who fought the war, not only in combat, but in camp, on patrol, and in retreat from battle.

Such a regimental history of the 29th Texas Cavalry Regiment, C.S.A., is now in the planning stages. This book will be a major addition to Texas Civil War history. It is being written by Bradford K. Felmly, a life-long Civil War enthusiast and director of a national Civil War historical society. The material for it, which has never appeared in print before, has been compiled by John C. Grady, whose great-grandfather served in the 29th. More than three years have been required for the compilation of material.

The 29th was organized by Col. Charles DeMorse, the famed pioneer editor and statesman of Clarksville and northern Texas. It fought at the battles of Elk Creek, Perryville, Poison Springs, Cabin Creek, and the siege of Fort Gibson, among smaller skirmishes. It was one of the major forces which protected Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) from invasion by Union troops.

The 29th Texas Cavalry Regiment, C.S.A., was not the gallant, dashing type of Confederate cavalry so often thought to be typical of the Civil War period. Instead it shows life in the saddle of the Confederate cavalry as it really was—dirty, hot in the summer, numbing cold in the winter, days on end of drudgery in camp and on patrol, gruesome bloody battles, the despair of retreat, the apparent hopelessness of fighting and losing, and coming back to fight and lose again. It is a story of the horrors of war, the more serious side and the more grim aspects of the bloody game that mankind so loves to play.

Yet, the 29th for the main part bore their share of this pastime, not with the fantasy of heroism nor the oft spoken of but mainly imaginary 'Southern gallantry', but with the determinism, stubborness and dedication that usually ages into these qualities over a length of time—the time it takes to forget.

The story of the 29th is the true story of the Civil War, without the frills; a story that has not yet had time to age into the mystifying, subtle brew of courage and heroism, for most of the information which tells of this typical wartime regiment has recently been recovered from its dusty archive shelves, where for a century it has lain.

The story of the 29th is that of the western theater, which is often overshadowed by the more glamorous Eastern and Mississippi campaigns. The story of the 29th Texas Cavalry Regiment is to be a unique one. It is to be the story of a forgotten phase of war, a phase that should more often be brought out, in a forgotten theater of war—a theater not as glamorous at the eastern, but lived and fought in just the same, and perhaps with a greater degree of dedication. This is the story of the common soldier—blood, desertion, court martial, tragedy, humor, despair, and hope.

The men of this 29th Regiment were recruited from such cities as Arbuckle, Bonham, Boston, Clarksville Champion Springs, Denton, Gainesville, Kiomatia, Paris, Pilot Point, Pine Creek, Pattonville, Sherman, and Warren and also counties such as Bowie, Cooke, Denton, Fannin, Grayson, Hopkins, Lamar, Red River, Titus, Tyler and Collins.

Like any history book, this regimental history cannot be called complete unless all available sources of information are written into it. Therefore, the authors would consider it a great help if any reader of this publication possessing information on the 29th would please send it to John C. Grady, Post Office Box 444, Palm Bay, Florida, 32901 as soon as possible. This information could contain diaries of men serving in the regiment (perhaps YOUR ANCESTORS), old books or newspapers, Civil War letters, etc. All information will be returned to the contributor in the condition in which it was received. Also, all contributors will be mentioned in the acknowledgements. If any reader possesses information but is unsure of its usefulness, please send it in regardless. It may prove valuable.

The work on this book should be completed within a year.

The Confederate Research Center of Hill Junior College has recently re-activated Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

Hood's Texas Brigade Association was organized at the Old Hutchins' House, Houston, Texas on May 17, 1872. This strong veterans group met continuously in annual reunions until 1934. The last known survivor of the Association was John H. Roberts, Company E, 1st Texas Infantry Regiment. Roberts, a resident of Arcadia, Texas passed away on March 10, 1934 at the age of 89.

All Direct descendents of members of Hood's Texas Brigade who are eighteen years of age or older are eligible for membership in the re-activated Association. Honorary memberships up to twenty-five will be awarded to those individuals who have made major contribution to Texas Confederate History or who have materially or financially aided the Confederate Research Center of Hill Junior College.

There is no financial expense involved in becoming a member of the Association. Each member will receive an exact duplicate of the original membership certificate awarded to the members of the Association at Waco, Texas in 1889. The membership certificate is printed in two colors on parchment paper and is suitable for framing. Present plans call for the publication of an annual newsletter and for bi-annual reunions of the members commencing in 1970.

Hood's Texas Brigade consisted of the following Confederate units: 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Infantry Regiments, and at one time or another, of the infantry companies of Hampton's South Carolina Legion, the 18th Georgia Infantry Regiment, the 3rd Arkansas Infantry Regiment and Reilly's North Carolina Battery (Rowan's Artillery), 1st North Carolina Artillery Regiment. All direct descendents of members of these organizations are eligible for membership in the re-activated Association.

For further information please write to the Confederate Research Center, Attention: Colonel Harold B. Simpson (Ret.), Hill Junior College, Hillsboro, Texas 76645.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Dark Corner of the Confederacy: Accounts of Civil War Texas as Told by Contemporaries. Edited by B. P. Gallaway. Dubuque, Iowa (Wm. C. Brown Company), 1968. Paperback, XV, 188 pp.

The purpose of this collection of readings is to present a cross-section of life in Confederate Texas. The editor includes excerpts from first-hand accounts written by individuals who were involved in trying to live through those difficult years. The selections came from letters, diaries, journals, speeches, memoirs and reminiscences.

As is reasonable in such readers, the selections are arranged in chronological order, preceded by short introductions to keep the reader "briefed" on what is happening and why and where.

As Dr. Joe B. Frantz acknowledges in the foreword, the "collection here does not break new ground, but does give a judicious and handy collection of some of the basic corner-cleaning" which has been going on during the hundred years since the War.

James L. Nichols
Stephen F. Austin State College

The Port of Houston: A History. By Marilyn McAdams Sibley. (Austin and London, University of Texas Press, 1968. Pp. xvi + 246. $6.75)

The rise of Houston from a village of shacks and tents to its present status as sixth largest city in the United States has been due, at least in part, to its position as a port. This interestingly written and attractively illustrated study by Mrs. Marilyn McAdams Sibley is a history of the development of that port. Basing her work on a wide range of materials, reports of the Harris County Houston Ship Channel Navigation District, personal correspondence, newspaper files, and published secondary accounts, Professor Sibley has produced a welcome contribution to Texas and Southern history. It will probably be the standard account of the Port of Houston for years to come.

Situated some fifty miles from open water, Houston offered few advantages to the casual observer in competition to the port of Galveston which boasted a good harbor and an island location on the Gulf of Mexico. But Galveston's location was also a prime cause for its decline as the chief port of entry for Texas. The entire island lay practically at sea level and it was repeatedly the victim of violent storms. Furthermore the most practical route to the Texas interior lay through Houston. In contrast, Houston was protected from the worst of Gulf storms, and became the center of the early state railroad net. The city's promoters advertised Houston as lying at "the head of navigation" and Buffalo Bayou as the natural water route to the interior.

The author has focused attention both on the narrow, twisting, tortuous stream that was the Buffalo Bayou and on the men who envisioned its potential

as a salt water port. Beginning with John Kirby Allen's bold venture in bringing the steamboat *Laura* up the Bayou to the foot of Main Street in 1837, a succession of civic leaders worked untiringly to convert the snag-filled Bayou into a navigable channel. Such entrepreneurs as William Marsh Rice and Paul Bremond joined with steamboat Captain John H. Sterrett and others to form the Houston Navigation Company, the predecessor of the Houston Direct Navigation Company which dominated traffic during the post-Civil War decades. Not until the city freed the Bayou from the control of Charles Morgan who had kept a chain across his canal through Morgan's point and thus maintained a monopoly on traffic, did the federal government provide sufficient appropriations to deepen the channel for ocean-going vessels. Under the leadership of Ross Sterling, Jesse H. Jones, Tom Ball and others, the Houston Ship Channel was finally opened in 1914 amid speeches and festivities. Since that date Houston and its ocean traffic have grown rapidly until the Port of Houston now ranks as the nation's third largest Port.

The study was commissioned by the Board of Navigation and Canal Commissioners of the Port of Houston to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Houston as a deep-water port. Written for the general reader, Mrs. Sibley's book has nevertheless included sufficient statistics and tables to demonstrate the costs of developing the waterway and its economic impact on the city. The reader could wish for more attention to waterfront labor policies, unionization, strikes, racketeering, and the effects of air and water pollution. But these are relatively minor criticisms. Mrs. Sibley has written a fascinating account of the development of a great international trade artery from "a stream of very inconvenient size;—not quite narrow enough to jump over, a little too deep to wade through without taking off your shoes."

Robert S. Maxwell
Stephen F. Austin State College

Painting in Texas, The Nineteenth Century. By Pauline A. Pinckney. University of Texas Press: Austin, 1967. Illustrations, index. P. 232. $15.00.

Pioneer Texas Buildings, A Geometry Lesson. By Clovis Heimsath. University of Texas Press: Austin, 1968. Illustrations. P. 159. $12.50.

The Enduring Navaho, By Laura Gilpin. The University of Texas Press: Austin, 1968. Illustrations, index, appendices. P. 263. $17.50.

As is obvious from the foregoing heading, the University of Texas Press has been doing a lot of "picture books" in the past year. Besides sharing an expensive price tag, these volumes also reveal a mutual concern for the cultural outlook of Texas and the Southwest, and they tell their story in pictures. Pictures, as the proverb goes, are worth many thousands of words, and one book uses them to depict the struggle for existance of an ironically alien yet native people, one, virtually wordless, shows central Texas architecture, and the third uses photographic reproduction to demonstrate the growth of art in oil and water color

over the past decades. Each has made an interesting and unique case for itself, and of course each succeeds in some areas and has some shortcomings.

Miss Pinckney's *Painting in Texas* begins with a discussion of the "limners" who travelled from place to place seeking subjects, who recorded the scenes of colonization, wilderness conquest, and political revolution as they saw it. Of limited skill and hampered by sparcity of tools and equipment, nevertheless asserted the author, ". . . these artists arrived eventually with something of intrinsic and lasting value." (p. vii). There were also the portrait painters who have left us the likenesses of our Texas heroes. Miss Pinckney discovered that a significant migration of European born and trained, and especially well-equipped, artists occurred in the second half of the nineteenth century. So important was this European orientation considered that many Americans travelled to Europe to acquire the necessary background. Miss Pinckney has devoted little effort to evaluating the works of those artists who worked in Texas, but has concentrated on accumulating the facts about their work, its circumstance, and why it is important. A chronological presentation was followed, and through this method the author sought to acquaint her readers with Texas art by informing them about the lives of the artists with some reproduction of their work. The biographical sketches seem to be well researched, are pleasingly written, and are frequently accompanied by examples of the artists's work. Unfortunately, too few are in color.

Mr. Heimsath's *Pioneer Texas Buildings* is a series of pictures taken by his wife, presumably arranged by himself, and accompanied by a text. Its subtitle, . . . A *Geometry Lesson,* is pursued through a series of elementary drawings which cite examples of forms that are accompanied by pictures of actual building incorporating those forms. As such, it succeeds very well. One must, however, wonder why Mr. Heimsath did not find it necessary to travel further afield to find pictures to work under the title he selected. The map on page 159 reveals that this is essentially a book about pioneer German homes, and ignores French, American, and especially Spanish influences. After turning its pages, one is forced to wonder why the Press chose to publish this book. Fortunately the Postscript by Mr. Heimsath salvages this, although his justification for ignoring the other cultural influences is hardly sufficient. Some of his other remarks, however, are good, and deserve repeating. The pioneer buildings, he argues, were useful, and utilized all available space without unnecessary frill or sham. Their very simplicity was their greatest quality. ". . . the fraud of current American domestic architecture is institutionalized; each Sunday across the country a Home Building Section appears, calling these stylistic frauds beautiful, elegant, classic, and well balanced. A generation is growing up believing only the fraud, believing their parents live in a beautiful house because the paper says that a large, aluminum-windowed, two-carred, interior-bathed, vinyl-floored "Early Colonial" is beautiful." (p. 153) Sounds like home. But I must confess that a colleague has borrowed my copy to consider ways to design his new home, so perhaps Mr. Heimsath's work is an influential, important work.

Miss Gilpin's *The Enduring Navaho* is a rhapsody, a pictorial love affair spanning thirty years. Her descriptions of experiences with the Navaho, in a text largely styled to accompany her magnificent pictures, is sometimes dragging, sometimes irrelevant, often interesting, and in one instance magnificent. It is, in a word, uneven. Her description of the Navaho version of Genesis is tremendous;

her discussion of Navaho crafts is meaty, slow paced, and only occasionally gifted. But above it all are her photographs. The black and white photographs, both landscape and portraits, are masterpieces of art, and the color pictures feature some of the truest representation of natural hues to be found in printed form. The Indian art, especially in turquoise, is beautifully photographed. Miss Gilpin does not plea for the Navaho as if he were a pitiable creature, as so many Indian books do, but through the power of her photography shows him as a product of his element, civilized, human, dignified. Would that we could see more of the world through her lens.

Archie P. McDonald
Stephen F. Austin State College

Hood's Texas Brigade in Poetry and Song. By Colonel Harold B. Simpson. Introduction by William E. Bard. Hillsboro (Hill County Junior College), 1968. 296 pp. Photographs. $7.00.

Colonel Harold B. Simpson, United States Air Force (Retired), has done research on Hood's Texas Brigade for eight years. This book is the product of that study. It is divided into two parts: Part I includes poetry which is subdivided into that written as dedication to the Brigade, that pertaining to the Brigade, that composed by members of the Brigade, that written for or dedicated to Hood's Veterans Association, those favorite poems of Hood's Veterans Association, and the doggerel recited by members of the Brigade during the Civil War; Part II includes songs sub-divided into those dedicated to the Brigade, those pertaining to the Brigade, those composed by members of the Brigade, those favorite songs of the Brigade in camp and on march, and those favorite songs of Hood's Veterans Association. The appendices include biographical sketches of the poets and songwriters; summaries of battles in which the Brigade took a conspicuous part; a short biography of General John Bell Hood; the origin of "The Old Gray Mare;" and various versions of "Dixie."

This book of some sixty-two poems and songs is to be the first volume of a three volume study of Hood's Texas Brigade. The next volume of the trilogy will be concerned with the story of the Brigade during the war. The third volume will deal with Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

Betty Tyer
Nacogdoches, Texas

Now You Hear My Horn, The Journal of James Wilson Nichols, 1820-1887. Edited by Catherine W. McDowell and illustrated by Eldridge Hardie. (University of Texas Press). Austin and London, 1967. 212 p. Photograph. $7.50.

The manuscript journal of James Wilson Nichols was presented to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas Library in San Antonio by thirteen year old Sylvia Peters, his great-great granddaughter, in 1962. Miss Peters claimed that Nichols had been present at the Alamo but left before the final siege to find more beeves and was prevented from returning by the Mexican army. The library historian, Miss Catherine W. McDowell, thoroughly investigated the manuscript with the possibility in mind of adding a new name to the list of men who had been at the Alamo.

The manuscript does not verify Nichols' presence at the Alamo, but it does provide a very valuable account of the life of an early Texas pioneer. Nichols completed the journal in 1887 at the age of sixty-seven. He had kept journals or diaries since he was twelve and therefore his account was not produced from memory alone.

The journal appears here as it was written. Nichols' syntax and spelling have been preserved along with his original chapter headings. Punctuation has been added where it was necessary to clarify the meaning. In places where sentences or paragraphs are missing, an attempt has been made to convey what Nichols evidently had intended to say.

Although lacking in formal education, Nichols was gifted with writing ability. His vivid narrative reveals the hardships, joys, and sorrows of frontier life. Nichols was no hero in Texas history. He was simply one of the thousands of early pioneers, many of whom have long since been forgotten. He did possess, however, a keen awareness of the importance of preserving an account of this period in Texas history.

Lindsy Pack
Nacogdoches, Texas

Essays on the American Civil War. By Frank E. Vandiver, Martin Hardwich Hall, and Homer L. Kerr. Introduction by E. C. Barksdale. Edited by William F. Holmes and Harold M. Hollingsworth. With a Webb Bibliography by Margaret Francine Morris. (Austin University of Texas Press for the University of Texas at Arlington), 1968. 107 pp. Photographs. $3.95.

In 1966 Arlington State College organized an annual series of lectures on selected topics in American history which were dedicated to the memory of Walter Prescott Webb. The present volume, the first fruit of this series, is a compilation of the 1966 lectures which were devoted to the American Civil War. These include: Homer L. Kerr, "Battle of Elkhorn: The Gettysburg of the Trans-Mississippi West," Martin Hardwick Hall, "Planter vs. Frontiersman: Conflict in Confederate Indian Policy," and Frank E. Vandiver, "The Civil War as an Institutionalizing Force."

In addition, the volume contains a "Letter to a College President," delivered February 27, 1960, on the occasion of Jack R. Woolf's inauguration as President at Arlington. E. C. Barksdale's Introduction gives special prominence to Webb's

manifold merits in historical research and teaching, and the book ends with a Webb Bibliography compiled by Margaret Francine Morris.

H. L. Kerr's essay on the Battle of Elkhorn comes out as a scrupulously documented and detailed narration,and also an attempt to view this action in the context of the entire war. Showing briefly the political development since the presidential election of 1860, the author points out that the Battle of Elkhorn was the inevitable result of the opposing political, martial, and strategical aims of the Unionists and Confederates. The latter's lack of material, inferior position, and loss of man power, the particular results of the defeat of the Confederates in this early and significant battle, are submitted as examples of the principal Confederate disadvantages in this War. The author concludes that ". . . in some ways the story of the Confederate situation at Elkhorn is the story of the Confederacy in general". (p. 44) A map of the battlefield illustrates this essay.

M. A. Hall's essay on "Planter vs. Frontiersman: Conflict in Confederate Indian Policy," deals with an individual conflict on the Confederate side which illustrates their attitude toward the Indians. The author tells the excellently documented story of Colonel John Robert Baylor, a pioneer from Kentucky who came to Texas in 1839 and fought against the Comanches. Texas' entrance into the Confederacy he regarded as the long-hoped-for chance for action against the Indians with sufficient military forces, and, as he wrote in a letter to Thomas Helm, Captain of the "Arizona Guards," as a chance to exterminate them with brutality. President Jefferson Davis suspended Baylor from his command after this letter came to his attention in order to pursue a humane policy toward the Indians. But adverse developments of the war forced Davis to reinstate Baylor on March 25, 1865. Though this came too late to give Baylor a chance to carry out his policy of extermination, the author suggests that his restoration seemed to show that ". . . the frontiersman had ultimately won his case against the planter gentleman". (p. 72) A facsimile of the letter and Baylor's portrait illustrate this essay.

In the third essay, "The Civil War as an Institutionalizing Force," Frank E. Vandiver speculates on some general results of the Civil War. Was it an institution that has had an effect on existing institutions? In the author's judgement, the Civil War had, above all, a positive influence on the institutions of the North as well as the South. Although felt sooner in the North than in the South, the war produced changes throughout the nation. The change from an agricultural to an industrial country, the expense of traffic routes and a transformed self-assessment of the Americans were direct and positive results of the Civil War. The conflict transformed and toughened institutions so that they became ready for the challenge of world leadership.

Reinhard Lindert
Hanover, Germany

Campaigning With Parsons' Texas Cavalry Brigade, CSA, The War Journals and Letters of the Four Orr Brothers 12th Texas Cavalry Regiment. Compiled and edited by John Q. Anderson. Hillsboro (The Hill Junior College Press) 1967. Pg. 173 Index $6.00.

Dr. John Q. Anderson, a member of the English Department at the University of Houston, has compiled and edited a book which historians might classify as the letters of Henry G. Orr and his brothers, but whatever way one might describe this single volume it is a biography of archival holdings.

If Henry G. Orr, a young farmer from Ellis County, Texas, had not had literary ambitions and a sense of history, a significant addition to the story of the common soldier's life in the Trans-Mississippi Department during the Civil War would have been lost. Henry was the eldest of the four Orr Brothers. He was twenty-four years old; Robert, twenty-two; James, twenty; and Lafayette, seventeen.

Henry and Robert moved with the Ellis County Rangers of Parsons' Texas Cavalry, which was used as a highly mobile cavalry on the Texas Gulf Coast, in eastern Arkansas and in northern and central Louisiana. The Ranger's most serious battles with the Yankees were at Hughes Ferry and L'Anguille in Arkansas and Mansfield and Pleasant Hill in Louisiana.

James and Lafayette Orr were captured at the battle of Arkansas Post and spent several months in a Federal prisoner-of-war camp near Chicago before being exchanged. Upon returning to the South, James and Lafayette were assigned to General Pat Cleburne's Division in the Army of Tennessee. They fought in such major battles as Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the battles of the Atlanta campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro and at Franklin and Nashville in Hood's Tennessee Campaign.

Professor Anderson is a seasoned writer in this field. He has published fifty-five articles in scholarly journals devoted to American literature, folklore, and history. His five published books include two Civil War volumes, *Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone, 1861-1863* (1955) and *A Texas Surgeon in the C.S.A.* (1957).

The letters of the four Orr brothers in this work, *Campaigning with Parson's Texas Cavalry C.S.A.* add significantly to the record of the American Civil War, especially to the relatively scarce materials concerning the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Alex E. Shaw, Jr.
Nacogdoches, Texas

San Juan Bautista: Gateway to Spanish Texas, By Robert S. Weddle. Austin & London (University of Texas Press), 1968, 469 pp. Bibliography and Index. $8.50.

It is appropriate that the story of the "Mother of East Texas missions" should be published at the time of Hemisfair, the 250th anniversary of the founding of San Antonio. This is the story of the Cross and the Sword fording the Rio Grande. It is the account of the devoted friars who saw mission opportunities in a new land and of mercenaries who saw trade opportunities in new overland

routes. The perspective finds Texas to the North to be reached through the gateway of San Juan Bautista. The present-day sleepy village of Guerrero, Coahuila, was at one time the scene of the romance of the Frenchman Louis Juchereau de St. Denis, the prayers of Francisco Hidalgo, and the military movements of Diego Ramon. As Spaniard met Indian, the latter was discouraged by the former's fickleness, appalled by his murdering, but sometimes gratified by his conversion.

The book is in three sections. Part I, "Frontier Outpost 1700-1716," describes the establishment of San Juan at the Rio Grande under the leadership of Father Hidalgo. Hidalgo's contact with the Tejas Indians fired in him a compulsion which led to the founding of the East Texas missions. Or was it Spanish concern that the French would establish themselves there first? Weddle presents all of the contributing factors leading both mystics and military northward in 1716, acknowledging the mutual interdependence of those influences. During these years Mission San Francisco Salano was born and bred for its departure in 1718 across the Rio Grande del Norte to become the Alamo.

The second major segment, "Mother of Missions 1716-1772," speaks of the growth of Spanish movements into Texas through the strategic passageway of San Juan. Populating, instructing, and controlling a new land is an arduous task, precipitating notable accomplishments from some such as the determined Hidalgo and confounding others who were faced with rugged terrain and hostile Apaches and Comanches. But these were years of solid advance in terms of missions begun and territory surveyed.

The twilight years of San Juan are sketched in the final portion of the book. With Eagle Pass to the North and Laredo to the South, the former entrance to Texas was circumvented. Still San Juan's streets were host to the traffic of the Mexican rebellion, Santa Anna's forces marching on the Alamo, and the Army of Chihuahua led by John E. Wool. However with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo signed on February 2, 1848, the Rio Grande was named the international boundary, effectively closing the gate.

Although there is fuel for hundreds of imaginative accounts of this village on the rugged frontier of Mexico, Weddle has not indulged in speculation. One may question the extent of the detail of his reporting, but the reader will have no doubt as to the care and validity of the research involved. The author displays a sympathy for the religious concerns of the Spanish clerics and the political aspirations of others, as well as an awareness of both the gains and losses which accrue to those peoples who take upon themselves civilzations. Weddle comments,

> The Indians, not understanding the full import of what was being told them, responded with enthusiasm. How could they understand that two alien cultures were meeting, and that their own could be the loser?

For those who have an interest in the history of Spanish East Texas, *San Juan Bautista* should be considered an authoritative source.

Jerry M. Self
Fort Worth, Texas

Grover Cleveland. By Rexford G. Tugwell. New York (The Macmillan Company, 1968. xviii + 298 pp. Illustrations and index, $5.95).

As President, Grover Cleveland's reputation rested largely on honesty, integrity, and courage. In this short but complete biography, Professor Rexford G. Tugwell, onetime New Deal Brains Truster, develops the thesis that these admirable characteristics, narrowly conceived by the twenty-fourth President, contributed to his failure to meet the crises brought on by the Panic of 1893. Devoted as he was to constitutional principles, Cleveland found himself bound by a rigidity which prevented him from taking effective action in the face of wide-spread unemployment, labor unrest, and revolution in Cuba.

There is much that is excellent in this study. Cleveland's childhood and youth are well described and his problems during these years probed and analyzed. Without devoting excessive space to his early years in Buffalo, Tugwell successfully brings to life the rising young lawyer and traces his progress from "Big Steve" to Grover Cleveland. He also examines the two controversial episodes of his early life that later plagued his public career: his purchase of a draft substitute during the Civil War and his irregular relationship with Maria Halpin. Tugwell does not excuse or defend Cleveland's actions in these incidents but by placing them in the context of his environment, the author presents the rising young attorney as a sympathetic, though rough-hewn, character.

After serving a term as sheriff of Erie County, Cleveland devoted himself to his law practice and gained a reputation for honesty and integrity which made him one of the most prominent lawyers in western New York. Between 1881 and 1884 Cleveland successively won election as Mayor of Buffalo, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. In each campaign the voters turned to Cleveland for the same reason: his standing as an incorruptible public official in contrast to the cheapness and venality that were all too common among the politicians of the day.

Tugwell applauds Cleveland's honesty as President but criticizes his narrow horizons and lack of vision. The treasury surplus could have provided the means to expand public services; instead Cleveland sought to reduce revenues. During the panic of 1893, Cleveland devoted much of his attention to maintaining the gold reserve. Tugwell points out that the President had higher devotion and obligation than merely to the integrity of the dollar. In the face of Coxey's march on Washington, Cleveland could respond only by arresting the hungry and unemployed men. Confronted by the Pullman strike Cleveland could only break it in defense of property and the movement of the United States mails. In short, Tugwll implicitly faults Cleveland for not behaving like Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, in a later economic crisis and depression, boldly turned to expert social planners and pragmatic experimentation to cope with the nation's ills. But Cleveland was not FDR and the America of the eighteen nineties was far removed from the thirties. In this reviewer's opinion, it is not very realistic or useful to judge a public figure by contemporary standards rather than those of his own day. Had the man from Buffalo acted on other principles than those he upheld, he would not have been Grover Cleveland.

Robert S. Maxwell
Stephen F. Austin State College

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. RUTH EVELYN GRAHAM LESTER
(Mrs. Dan Lester of Jefferson)

MRS. DAN LESTER

All members of the East Texas Historical Association were saddened by the loss of Mrs. Ruth Lester, who died in the early morning hours, Friday, August 30, at her home, Guarding Oak, in Jefferson, following a short illness.

Ever prominent in local, regional, and state civic affairs, Mrs. Lester was especially active in the restoration and preservation of historical edifices and landmarks in the city of Jefferson. Her outstanding work, in association with the women of her area, brought the attention of Texans, non-Texans, and tourists to the charm of the old town on the "Bayou."

Mrs. Lester, the wife of Jefferson's mayor, Dan Lester, was appointed several years ago by the Governor of Texas, as one of the eighteen members of the Texas Historical Survey Committee and the Texas Foundation Committee. She served as president of the Jessie Allen Wise Garden Club, the Marion County Historical Survey Committee; and she was a past president of the Women's Auxiliary of Christ Episcopal Church, where she served regularly as organist and choir director. She served also on the Carnegie Library Board, and belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was a member of the board of the Jefferson Historical Museum Society and a district officer of Texas Federated Garden Clubs, Inc. She early expressed interest in the formation of the East Texas Historical Association and served as an active member and advisor to the Board of Directors.

Words fail to express the sum of the value of this fine lady's efforts for all of us interested in East Texas history.